



LEADERS TO LIBERTY

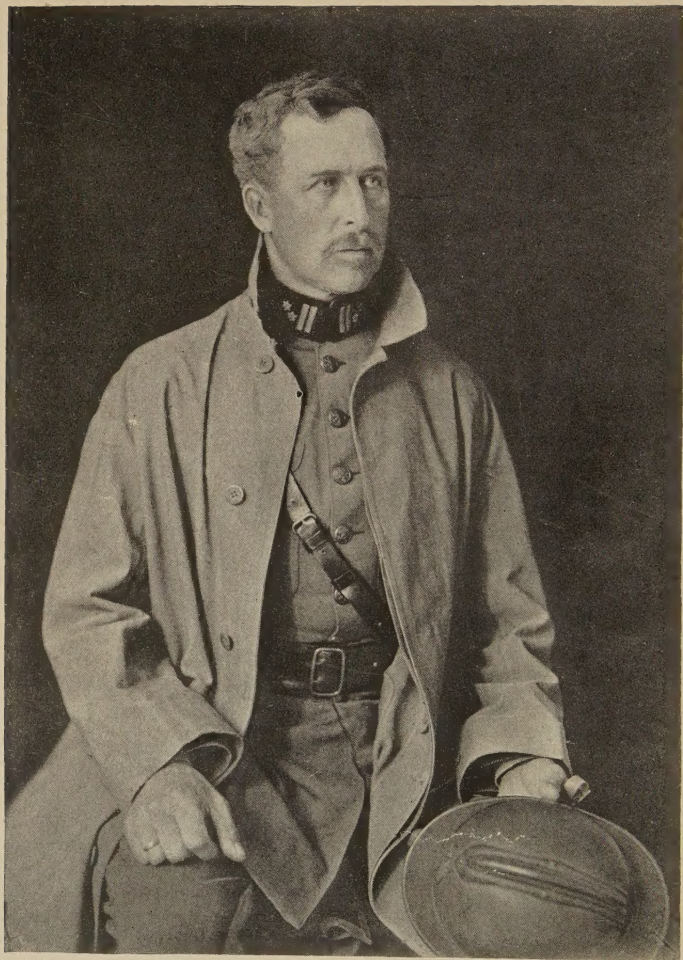
MARY H. WADE





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LEADERS TO LIBERTY



Albert I, King of Belgium

Leaders to Liberty

BY
MARY H. WADE

With Illustrations



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LEADERS TO LIBERTY

KING ALBERT THE BRAVE

Lover of His People

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! sounded the big guns of the city of Brussels. It was the evening of the eighth day of April, 1875.

Every one stopped to listen — rich folks and poor folks, big folks and little folks — to the booming of the guns. It told them something very interesting had happened — that a child had just been born to the royal family of Belgium. Moreover, as they soon learned, the tiny newcomer was a prince, the second nephew of their King, Leopold II.

Of course, the good parents of little Albert Leopold Marie Meinrad, for so he was called, were made very happy by his coming. Albert's father, the brother of the King, was the Count of Flanders and a

tender, kind-hearted man who loved learning. His books were so precious to him that he spent a large part of each day in his library. In this library a whole mile of shelves was used to hold his treasures!

Albert's mother took delight in all beautiful things — music and fine paintings and good books, as well as the lovely sights Dame Nature could show her in the ever-moving waters of the sea, in the rich Belgian meadows in which tall grasses and dainty wild flowers nodded cheerily, in the glorious sunsets, and in the blue sky with its ever-changing cloud-children.

At first the Count had lived with his Countess in a wing of King Leopold's palace. Afterwards, they moved into a home specially fitted up for them; and here, in the Palace of the Rue de la Régence, their children were born. First came Prince Baudoin; then twin princesses, one of whom soon died; after that, the Princess Josephine; and last of all, the little son who would some day be called by his people, "Our Soldier King, Albert the Brave."

But this is getting ahead of our story.

Albert was a happy boy, but so quiet that at first people did not notice him very much. He studied his lessons faithfully. He also spent much time in finding things out for himself, as he was interested in everything he saw. There were the railway trains with the wonderful engines that made them move so swiftly. There were the steamboats speeding along the seacoast. There were all sorts of machines with strange workings. Altogether, the world appeared a delightful puzzle to the seemingly quiet child with the active mind.

Many a story did the little prince hear of what had happened in the long-ago to his country. There was the famous Battle of the Golden Spurs; there was the Siege of Liège, when six hundred brave men gave their lives to save the city from the outrages of Charles the Bold of Burgundy; there was the tale of the noble citizens who fought Prince Ferdinand of Holland in the streets of the city of Brussels. Never had the Belgians been willing to be slaves.

When the young prince thought of this his fair cheeks must have flushed and his kind blue eyes sparkled.

“They never *will* be slaves,” he must also have thought with pride.

Though the boy’s father spent much time with his books, yet he and his beautiful wife gave two hours of each day to their children. They felt that the best of nurses and teachers could not fill their place. They watched Albert’s studies and talked with him about his sports.

Sunday was the best day of the whole week, because then the good Count and Countess took long walks with Albert and his brother and sister. Sometimes they wandered through the lovely parks of Brussels. Sometimes they went out into the country near-by, where they met many other children, both rich and poor, also out for a holiday walk with their parents.

Then, when dinner time drew near, the young prince went with his family to the King’s palace to dine with him and the Queen Marie Henriette. Many other times

also the boy went to the grand palace. Often he was allowed to join other guests who had been invited there to listen to the music the Queen played on her gilded harp and to hear the singing of the great General Brunell.

Prince Albert did not stay in Brussels all the year round, because he had several other beautiful homes. One of these was among the noble Ardennes Mountains. Another was in the country at Hasli-Horn. A third was at the Chateau of Les Amerois, where the lad spent six joyous weeks every summer.

Such a big company as there was in the household during this summer holiday! Besides Albert's own family there were uncles and aunts and cousins in plenty. Among the guests were the Queens of Portugal and of Saxony, and there were princes, too, besides Albert and his brother Baudoin. The ways of royalty were largely set aside during this vacation time, and the older folks joined in the games of the little ones. There was much fun and frolicking.

The fresh air blew freely about the Chateau because it stood on a high hill above the old, old town of Bouillon. Albert could look down from this summer home on a river winding far below — then off to distant hills covered with tall pine trees. If he should climb to the summit of a certain hill in the distance he could see the coast of France, his country's neighbor. Belgium was only a tiny country, after all. But the spirit of her people made her seem strong and big to the little prince who loved and admired her.

The Chateau was surrounded by a wide, beautiful park where the children played to their hearts' content. A chapel had been built here, where the children worshiped with their parents. In its stained-glass windows Albert could look at the pictures of the patron saints of his family. Among these was Saint Albert whose name he bore.

The park was full of delightful surprises. There were gardens and lovely groves in whose cool shade Albert could play with

comfort on the hottest summer days. There were greenhouses filled with rare plants, and streams singing merrily as they leaped down over the rocks on the hillside. The park was free to any who might wish to enter. As the royal children frolicked about, they often looked up to see the poorest people of the neighboring country making their way along the paths to the Chateau. No doubt they were coming to ask help of the noble Count and Countess. Perhaps they needed money to pay their rent. Perhaps their little ones were sick and suffering. Never were they refused help. But some of these people were too old to climb up the hillside, or were too shy or proud to ask help. Albert's parents hunted them out and carried them gifts of what they most needed.

There was a letter box at the Chateau unlike any of which you may have heard. It stood ready to receive the letters of little children who felt free to ask help of Albert's parents and knew this help would not be refused. Thousands of such letters were

written and answered during Albert's childhood and youth.

Festivals were held at Les Amerois during the summer vacation. The people in the village below were invited to these, and great was the frolicking at such times. There were games and feasting; and songs were sung by the village children dressed in their holiday clothes. And there were lotteries in which *every one* drew a prize!

The servants at the Chateau had their special holidays when the Count and Countess, with their royal guests, shared their games in the big outdoors. Merry indeed were those summers when Albert was a boy at Les Amerois.

Though Albert had delightful vacations in which he could be as idle as he wished, there were months in which he studied hard. There was English to learn, besides French and other languages. There were the great writers with whom he must become well acquainted; there were lessons in philosophy and religion to be mastered.

Albert was not content, however, with the

studies his parents chose for him. He wished besides to understand the workings of the great inventions of the world. So, through his own desire, he studied engineering.

In course of time he even acted as the engineer of a railway train to be sure he knew just how to drive it through the country. He also learned to drive an automobile so well that he could travel over the roads with the speed of the wind, without the slightest accident ever befalling him.

When Albert was scarcely sixteen years old a black cloud swept over his happy home. He was taken quite ill with a dangerous kind of catarrh. His two sisters caught the disease.

Fortunately both of them got well, but a great sorrow was at hand. Prince Baudoin, catching the disease last, became very ill, and four days afterwards the wisest physicians in the land said, "We have done all we can. The young prince is dying." Greatly did the loving parents

grieve over the loss of this older son. The whole country grieved with them. It was not an ordinary loss, because all had looked upon Prince Baudoin as the next king of Belgium. King Leopold's only son had died many years ago, so this oldest nephew would be the heir to his kingdom.

But now that Baudoin was dead, who would take his place? Who, indeed, but his young brother, the shy, quiet Albert?

Was the young prince puffed up by the thought of his being a king by-and-by? Not at all! He must study all the harder now. He must learn all he could of the art of war, so that, if his country were ever in danger, he might be able to defend her. He must get acquainted with the ways of his people, the poor workingmen as well as the rich lords, so he would know best how to govern them.

"He had better start on his military training at once," decided Albert's parents; and his uncle, the King, agreed with them. So, one day soon afterwards, the tall, thin, awkward youth, with the color coming and

going in his cheeks, went with the King to the Belgian Military School at Brussels.

The King was a grand-looking man. Standing before the teachers and students, he introduced his nephew with lively words. Now and then he "poked fun," as we say, at his nephew, hoping in this way to make the students feel at ease with him and forget that he was to be their future ruler. Of course, the young military students laughed at these sallies, and Albert blushed.

After the King had gone away, however, the students felt shy about treating the prince like one of themselves. They were, mostly, fellows of middle-class families. Little did they know of the ways of royal people. And here was the future king of their country set down in their midst! How could they help feeling shy at first?

Before long, however, Albert made them understand that he wished them to treat him like any other of their mates. Yes, in playtime he was even willing to be a laughingstock; so many a joke was played on him, and he was given a nickname which

his school friends remember and smile over to this day. The uniform he wore was the same as theirs. He ate the same food as they did. His parents allowed him only a small amount of spending money. No doubt he often wished he had more, because he was a generous youth and many a time would have liked to buy sweeties and cigarettes for the fellows who could not afford to get them for themselves. Before long every one in the school had come to like the young prince.

His teachers were proud of him because he did so well in his studies and acted in all ways as a true gentleman should.

"There is much yet to learn before I am fitted to be a king," the young prince decided when he had finished his course at the military school and his later training in the army.

He felt, you see, that he must know everything possible that would help him in governing a kingdom and in dealing with other countries.

Besides, there were many people in Bel-

gium who were very poor. Albert's heart was full of pity for them and the wish to help them. Had not his father and mother always worked for the poor? He, too, must help them, not only now in a small way, but by and by when he should have riches of his own and the power of a king.

In order to learn everything possible along different lines Prince Albert drew about him the leading men of his country: the wisest generals versed in war; men who had traveled and seen much of the world; men who were learned in books; and those who had studied the best ways of improving the conditions of the people.

But it was not enough for the young prince to hear from others about the ways of his own and other countries. He must see things for himself. So, after his training in the army was finished, he set out on travels to different parts of the world.

One of the first places he visited was the United States of America. He felt sure he could learn much in this land of ours.

Consequently, when he was twenty-four years old, he sailed across the Atlantic to find out all he could about the people he already admired very much.

There was no pomp or show in his coming. He would not allow it.

"I cannot go about freely if every one is looking at me as the future King of Belgium," he had decided. No, he wished the Americans to think of him only as the nephew of Leopold II; fully enough honor would be given him in that light, he was sure. So he went freely about the country, now stopping in one place, now in another. Wherever he went, people said, "What a kindly young man and what a *gentle* man! Why, he is as quiet and simple in his manners as any plain citizen of this United States."

"How interested he is in whatever we can show him!" the thoughtful said to each other. They were pleased because the young prince was eager to *learn*, and this cannot be said of as many people as we might think.

Prince Albert was entertained in many beautiful homes. He went to the White House where the President and the "Leading Lady of the Land" made him most welcome. He learned how the head of the American Government lived and attended to his duties, and how Congress made laws and carried them out.

All these things were interesting. But probably the royal guest cared most to see what Americans had been doing to make their country powerful. So he traveled through the West with Mr. James J. Hill, one of the greatest railroad men in the world. He saw for himself what Mr. Hill had done in opening up vast stretches of country where people could live with comfort and keep in touch with other people many thousands of miles away.

"I must also see the workings of some of America's great factories," Prince Albert had decided. Accordingly, he visited the biggest mills in Massachusetts where cloth was woven with the greatest skill. He went to the Baldwin Locomotive Works in

Pennsylvania, where his keen blue eyes watched the building of engines that would draw millions of people on their journeys across the continent.

The young traveler was not satisfied till he had gone down into some coal mines. It was a "great lark," as boys would say, to dress himself as a miner and descend into the darkness, and he enjoyed it greatly. As he went in and out among the grimy workers, probably few of them knew that this gay-hearted, earnest young fellow watching them at their work would in a few more years be a king. Nor did any one dream in those days that he would sometime be more than king — far more, because the title is not to be compared with that of *hero* — one of the greatest heroes, moreover, the world has ever known.

When Prince Albert returned to Belgium he was not ready to settle down because there were still many other countries he wished to visit.

Accordingly, the very next year he made a trip to Germany. Among other places

he stopped in the beautiful city of Munich where he visited the duke, Charles Theodore. This duke was a very good man who had become famous as a physician and had given a great deal of time to the study of the eyes. He used his knowledge not to gain riches, but to help any people, no matter how poor they were, whose eyes were in need of help.

Now this kind-hearted duke had lovely daughters who had been trained in hospitals so that they might help him in his work. One of these was the Duchess Elizabeth, a young girl with the sweetest of smiles, the simplest of manners, and a loving heart for those who were poor or suffering.

Can you not guess what happened when Prince Albert, who was himself the friend of all poor and unhappy people, met the Duchess Elizabeth? He fell in love with her, of course. And she returned his love very quickly.

Thus it came to pass that the news soon reached Belgium that the prince's heart had been won by the fair young Elizabeth of

Bavaria. Great was the rejoicing in both countries.

A few months afterwards — it was on Tuesday, the second day of October, 1900 — the city of Munich was all astir. To begin with, it was the day set apart for the great national feast. But this was not alone the reason why the streets were filled with crowds of happy and excited people in holiday dress. The wedding of the loved duchess to the future king of Belgium was to take place on this holiday, and all were waiting and watching for a sight of the happy pair.

On Monday, the day before the wedding took place, the royal guest from Belgium appeared publicly before the eyes of the Bavarians for the first time. The city gave itself up to merriment, and a grand dinner was served in the palace. That evening a great Betrothal Feast was spread for the people before the palace-home of the fair Elizabeth. The thirty singing societies of Munich gathered there, each singer holding a lighted torch. A military band played

while they sang. As their voices rang out through the soft evening air, the watching crowds saw the balcony of the palace become suddenly radiant with light. There, in the center, were two figures — the Duchess Elizabeth and her lover, Prince Albert. They were most beautiful, the tall, noble youth and the delicate maiden beside him. He was dressed in the uniform of his regiment, and on his breast was the cordon of St. Hubert, lately given him by the Regent of Bavaria. She who was next day to be his bride was fair to look upon. Her cheeks were flushed with happiness; her rich brown hair was crowned with diamonds. An ermine mantle was wrapped about her shoulders. For a single moment she threw it off and showed herself in a silken gown heavily embroidered with flowers.

Then the music stopped, and a chosen speaker uttered words of congratulation to the young couple on the balcony.

The speaker of the evening ended with these words: "May our dear princely child who is quitting the place where her infancy

has been passed love her new country with unbounded affection; but may she not forget the leaves of our forests, the verdure of our mountains, our May days and the fidelity of our hearts."

On the day following this happy evening the wedding was celebrated in grand style at the Royal Palace. The guests entered through long files of archers, each one of whom was dressed in the charming costume of long-ago. When the wedding mass had been sung, and the last words of the ceremony had been spoken, the Archbishop, looking very fine in his robes of state, spoke with deep feeling. He said: "To-day the hearts of the Bavarian people beat in unison with those of the Belgian people."

Three days afterwards — it was the fifth day of October — Prince Albert reached Brussels with his bride. How gay his home city looked that day! The railroad station when they arrived was surrounded by countless flags waving from tall masts. There were the flags of Belgium, of Bavaria, of France, of Germany. In this way the

people were trying to show their good feeling for their neighboring countries, as well as their love for their own.

As Prince Albert and his bride rode homeward from the station they were surrounded by joyous crowds. From the balconies along the way flowers were flung and scattered beneath the feet of the horses. Surely a young couple never had a more royal welcome than this!

Not long afterwards the good prince and his bride started out on what is often called "The Grand Tour." They went on a journey around the world, visiting many places, seeing new sights, meeting strange people.

When they returned, they were both greeted so gladly that it was plain the people loved their new princess as they did her husband. How could they help it? From the moment she had come to them from her Bavarian home she had shown herself the friend of all.

She was particularly full of love and sympathy for the poor and needy, and she was

ever ready to help them. How dear all little children were to her! Not only did she give her money gladly to the poor and starving, but she was ever ready to share *herself* with them.

One day — it was soon after she had entered Brussels — she visited a poor woman who was lying ill.

“Oh, that I might hear some music!” the sick woman said to her royal guest.

What do you suppose the princess did after hearing the wish? The very next time she visited that sick woman she carried her violin with her, and sitting beside her bed, played many a soft and restful air.

In Munich, as you will remember, she had taken a course of training in the hospital and had studied under her father. She still put her knowledge to good use. As she went about among the sick, she was able to cure many of their ills. She taught many a mother how to take care of her babies.

As time went by she set up hospitals in Brussels and other places in Belgium where

sick, needy people could get care and medicine without cost. When summer came and the children of the poor were suffering from the heat and bad air of the city, she sent groups of them to the seashore for a holiday.

She even spread feasts in the palace, to which she invited these little folks with their mothers. And when they went away she placed gifts of good things in their hands to carry home with them. Surely Prince Albert, with his own love for the poor and desire to help them, had chosen his wife well.

The Princess Elizabeth won the friendship not only of those who were in need, but of the rich and learned. She was simple in her manners. She loved music and good books deeply. She could talk wisely. She could add to others' pleasure by herself playing exquisite music on her violin. Wherever she went there were smiles and joyous greetings for the wife of the future King of Belgium.

On a beautiful Sunday in November,

1901, a great thing happened in Prince Albert's happy palace-home. It was the birth of his first child.

The roar of cannon could be heard throughout Brussels. One, two, three! sounded the big guns — then on and on they boomed, till the listening citizens counted the number telling that a young prince had been born to the future King.

There was great excitement in Brussels that night. In every home, big and little, families met together to give toasts and feasts in honor of the little princeling. There would be great doings now! Many gifts would be given by the royal parents; many honors would be bestowed on worthy people; many pardons would be granted to wrong-doers.

Outside the palace a bulletin was posted, telling of the baby's birth, and a register was set up in the big hall inside, where all visitors might write their names.

Crowds of people, both rich and poor, hurried to the palace to sign this register. Thousands of letters were placed in the big

letter box, each one bringing Prince Albert congratulations on his having a son.

You may be sure that any poor people in Brussels who were fortunate enough to have sons born on that day made haste to call their babies Leopold, after the young prince. Of course, they also wrote to the royal child's father, telling what they had done.

They quickly received answers of congratulations. Not only these, but rich gifts were sent them, and always, among the gifts, were gold watches for the young prince's namesakes.

When Prince Leopold was not quite two years old, his brother Charles was born; and after him, in 1906, came a little sister with golden hair and laughing eyes, the Princess Marie José.

Great was the care bestowed upon these royal babies. The brightest and most sunny rooms in the palace were given up to them; the best possible nurses were chosen; but always their dear mother and father watched over them with tenderest care. It was told

that Princess Elizabeth even wore special garments that would be sure to be free from germs when she went into the nursery. It was also said that when the beautiful grandmother, the Duchess of Flanders, visited the palace, she was cautioned to remove her furs before taking the precious children in her arms.

On pleasant days the babies went riding in open carriages through the streets of Brussels. As they grew older they went on outings in the parks and woods about the city to gather flowers and frolic among other children. Sometimes they could be seen standing before shop windows filled with beautiful toys. Then their eyes shone with as much wonder and delight as those of little folk of poor families.

These royal children not only studied and played and went on long pleasure rides, but they did many other things also.

"They must see what the people are doing," their parents had decided. So they visited the hospitals where the sick were cared for; they were taken into the

homes of the poor as well as the mansions of the rich; they watched the workers in mills and factories; they went into ship-yards to see the big ships about to sail for other lands.

Ah! but when the glorious holiday time came, how happy were the prince and princess in taking their children to the mountains and the seashore!

Ostend, the largest of the Belgian watering places, was the favorite one of all. It seemed beautiful to Prince Albert in winter storms, as well as in summer sunshine. Here he spent much time with his family, living in a pretty, quiet villa in the simplest way. He loved his fisher folk and their children; and often in the early morning he walked alone to the big sandy mounds along the shore where they lived in tiny cottages.

Sometimes the prince went with the rough, tanned men on their fishing trips. Away they would sail through the waves in the early morning wind. Then, on the turn of the tide, they would come back to

shore with nets heavy with fish. No time must be lost now. The nets must be emptied, and panniers must be filled with the fresh fish and loaded on the backs of donkeys to be carried to town and sold.

Prince Albert was fond of climbing among the mountains; consequently many a holiday trip was taken among their picturesque slopes. He also enjoyed riding in his automobile and often drove it himself. He practiced shooting with rifle and shotgun. He took long walks in the country and by the seashore. He spent many hours in study. And always he rose early in the morning — usually before seven o'clock because there were so many things he wished to do before the day should end.

After he returned from his voyage around the world with the Princess Elizabeth he made many other journeys. He traveled from one part of Great Britain to another to learn how ships were built there, and how the ship-builders and the fishermen lived.

At such times he was so sensible that he

thought: "If I go about with the pomp of a king I cannot learn as much as if I appear like any ordinary man."

So, it is said, he sometimes pretended he was merely a reporter trying to find out things to print in the newspapers.

Indeed, as the years passed by, and and even after the prince became Belgium's king, he and his dear wife often made pleasure trips over to London without any outward show of royalty. They would spend a day or two, perhaps, at some small hotel, where the people might not guess who they were. In the evening they would attend the theater or opera in the same quiet way. Indeed, so little did they let themselves be known, that an automobile dealer sold King Albert two automobiles and went to lunch with him several times without guessing he was the ruler of Belgium!

Once the king had a good deal of fun at one of London's principal stores. After he had made a purchase the dealer asked his name so that he might send the goods to him.

"Albert," was the answer.

"Albert *what?*" asked the salesman.

"King," was the ready reply.

And so, when the bundle went on its way, it was addressed to "Albert King, Esquire." How the good ruler and his wife must have laughed over the little joke when the package was delivered!

While Albert was still a prince he traveled all over Europe, visiting the most important kings and queens and having many honors paid him.

There was one place far from Europe which he was anxious to explore. This was the large Belgian colony in Africa. Its people were negroes, and they were governed by white men sent from Belgium. The natives of this Congo colony were wild for the most part, so they knew little of the ways of white people.

Now there was much talk in the outside world about the manner in which these negroes were ruled. It was said that they were treated unfairly and often with great cruelty.

"If I am some day to be King of Belgium," Albert decided, "I should know everything possible about the Congo country. But I cannot know all unless I go there and see things for myself."

King Leopold was not willing at first that his nephew should make this long journey. However, after a while, he gave his consent, and the prince set sail for Africa. The people of Belgium were delighted. They said to each other: "If there is wrongdoing in the Congo, such a good, wise prince as Albert will find it out and make everything right when he becomes King."

They were not to be disappointed. Albert started out on his trip in company with a few friends to give him help and advice in case of need.

No sooner had he reached the Congo State than he began to explore the country. He traveled north and south, east and west for eighty-two days. Sometimes he went on his bicycle, sometimes in boats, sometimes on foot.

There were often wide stretches of tangled

forests through which he had to fight his way. He walked at least fifteen hundred miles through country too rough for riding of any kind and where the air was stifling from dampness and great heat. Mosquitoes and other pests must have annoyed him constantly. Yet he pressed on, always gay, always brave and smiling. He was never too tired or busy to give cheering words to the few white women who lived in the settlements. Even the savage natives admired him.

"He is a great man," they said to each other, and they gave him the name, "He, the Tall Man, Breaker of Stones."

The news spread through the wildest places that a great white prince with a beautiful smile had come to visit the country; and from all directions black men and women and children came flocking to see him.

During those days many a negro chief came to Prince Albert to tell his wrongs and ask for help. Kind and wise words were sure to be the answer. Many a gift was

left behind the royal visitor when he went back to Belgium. The black people never forgot him, and to this day they tell their children about the visit of the greatest and kindest chief in the world.

The Princess Elizabeth did not wait in Belgium for her husband's return but started out to meet him on his way home.

When she reached the island of Teneriffe the big ship which was bringing Prince Albert from Africa was not far distant from the island. Entering a steam launch, she sailed out to her husband's steamer as it neared port; and as the launch came alongside, she ran up the ladder which had been flung down its side and was speedily held fast in the tall prince's arms. Always these two have been lovers since they first met on that happy day in Munich.

The sixteenth of August, 1909, was a great day for the city of Antwerp, the principal port of Belgium. Flags were waving on the public buildings and houses, and on the ships in the harbor. Crowds of people in holiday dress filled the streets, all

on their way to the wharf where a big steamer was expected to arrive every minute. Why were the people so excited, so gay?

Why, indeed, except that the beloved Prince Albert would be on this steamer, coming home from his visit to the Congo? Every one felt sure that from now on the colony in Africa would bring more honor and greater riches to Belgium.

A canopy had been set up on the wharf, and here dukes and duchesses, and princes and princesses watched for the coming of the ship. Of course Prince Albert's little sons and daughter were there, and his dear mother too. His father could not bear her company, however, because he had died a few years before.

After the prince landed, the burgomaster, who corresponds to the mayor of an American city, made a speech in which he told him of his people's love and trust. The young man thanked him and all Antwerp. He spoke of what he had seen in the vast country of the Congo, and of his hopes of

what it would become under wise government.

For a few months after the glad homecoming everything went quietly in Belgium. Then, in December, King Leopold died, after being ill only a short time.

Six days afterwards Prince Albert rode forth from his Chateau in the suburbs of Brussels to be crowned in the Capital. As the royal procession made its way out through the gates of the Chateau, bands played the "Brabançonne," the national anthem of Belgium, and the blare of many trumpets could be heard. But hark! better and more beautiful than all the music to the ears of the new ruler were the shouts of devoted people.

"Long live the King! Long live Albert!" they cried again and again with deep love in their voices.

First came a gala carriage drawn by six horses, containing the Queen and her two sons. But little Marie José was not with them.

"Such a lively three-year-old tot is too

active and would get tired too quickly to go in the procession with us," thought her wise mother. "She had better be with her grandmother in the city. From there she can watch for us when we enter Brussels."

After the carriage of the Queen came several others, in which rode the King's mother and sisters and other royal people.

Then the King himself came in sight, riding on horseback with the officers of his staff about him, and dressed in the uniform of a general. Behind him rode other royal persons, one of them being the man who would afterwards prove a black traitor to friendship, and the enemy of truth and justice. It was William Hohenzollern of Germany.

On moved the procession to the blare of trumpets, while the cheers of welcoming people, gathered on either side, filled the air. It entered the city, and passed through the gaily decorated streets. It reached the mansion where little Marie José was watching with her grandmother and friends.

"Long live the King!" the people were

shouting, as a little girl with shining eyes and curly yellow hair joined in the cheers. She waved her hands, first one, then the other, then both, holding up as she did so a big slice of bread she had just begun to eat!

Later on that day, in the Palace of Parliament, King Albert made a solemn vow to uphold the Belgian Constitution and to defend the territory of his country. Little did he dream as he spoke those words how he must work and suffer by and by in a fearful struggle to carry on that defense.

Before the ceremonies of the coronation were over King Albert made a speech to his people. He told them what he hoped to do for their good. Many of his listeners' eyes grew dim when he said with deep feeling, "May God help me to fulfil this mission."

There was much work ahead for the new ruler. There were many troublesome questions about the government of the Congo colony, as well as of Belgium itself, which he had to settle. He began at once to devote money that was rightfully his to

making the natives of the Congo healthier and wiser. He saw, for one thing, that good physicians were sent there to treat the diseases of the people.

Then, too, King Albert set to work to see that his country was better defended. His thoughtful eyes had been looking out over Europe. They saw faint clouds of war floating where most people thought was a clear sky.

“My country must have a stronger army,” he said to himself, and he did much to better it.

He was also interested in the mines of Belgium. He studied machinery; he wanted to understand everything that was being made in the factories. He showed himself the friend and helper of artists and writers and musicians. In every way possible he wished his kingdom to be not only rich and prosperous, but wise and happy.

While he worked hard, he played hard, too, so as to keep well and strong. He practiced boxing and fencing. He played golf. He sailed his yacht and drove his

motor car. He climbed some of the highest mountains of the Alps.

Do you wonder that his people loved this wise king who held the poor as well as the rich in his big, kind heart? Wherever he went they watched him with pride and delight. Such a straight, tall figure! Such a young-looking, handsome face! As his subjects looked at him, ever the words rose to their lips, "Long live our noble ruler!"

The Queen was not less idle than her husband. While the King was busy with his own duties, she gave thoughtful care to the little sons and daughter. But this was not all. She spent much time among the poor and the sick. She carried food and clothing to the needy. In winter she set up stands where those who had little or no money could get coal and blankets and hot soup.

"Our good little Queen!" her people called her. They almost worshiped her.

"Suppose she dies," thought many a sufferer. "How sad I should be then!"

Indeed, Queen Elizabeth looked so deli-

cate that her subjects were afraid they would lose her. They did not understand what a strong will guided her slight girlish body, nor could they dream how much that will would some day carry her through.

Busy, happy months went by till the year 1914 came round. It began very merrily for Belgium, and many were the grand doings for her people. The Lord Mayor of London came to visit Brussels. As he rode to the palace, great crowds turned out to see him. Dressed in rich robes and with golden chains hanging about him, he sat back in his magnificent coach, with his attendants on either hand. The citizens of Brussels felt as if they were looking upon the pomp of "London town" of centuries ago.

Many dinner parties were given that winter and spring in the finest mansions of the city. Flowers were plentiful at the feasts, and delicate china and silver, and rich viands. All the guests talked gaily, with smiling faces. What could there be

to fear, they thought, when Belgium was prospering under her good king?

Then there was the ball at the Royal Palace. Many officers were there in cherry-red trousers and coats trimmed with gold lace. The dresses of the ladies were wondrous in their beauty. No fairer sight was there, however, than that of the dainty Queen, with the tall King beside her in a black evening suit, and with his arm in a sling from a fall he had just had from a horse.

Many were the theater parties and operas given in Brussels in that winter of 1914. Afterwards, in the beautiful month of May, when flowers were blooming everywhere, the Queen had a garden party in the conservatories of the summer palace at Laeken. Never would those who were present forget the beauty around them—the tall palms, the fragrant blossoms; and best of all, the sweet face of Queen Elizabeth smiling among them.

Soon afterwards came another great event: the Danish King and Queen came

on a visit to Albert and Elizabeth of Belgium. Of course there was a grand reception at the palace, but afterwards there was a sight which the poorest people in the kingdom could enjoy. It was the procession of six royal coaches moving around the big square on which the palace faced. In these coaches rode kings and queens, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, all richly dressed.

Even when hot July arrived there was another festival for the country. This took place on the twenty-first of the month, the Belgian national holiday. Brussels was gay with flags and crowds of happy people filled the streets. A special service was held in the old church of St. Gudule in honor of the founding of the kingdom. The greatest people of the land were present — judges in scarlet robes; solemn-looking priests and bishops; officers in grand uniforms. A crimson carpet stretched to the altar. On either side of this carpet stood rows of tall soldiers dressed in bear skins.

All at once the drums began to roll; the

trumpets sounded; the organ pealed forth and the priests chanted. And down between the rows of soldiers towards the altar came the King and Queen and their three children, with their attendants. The King wore his general's uniform; the Queen was richly clad and looked wondrously fair. The two young princes, Leopold and Charles, both with serious faces, were dressed in gray satin suits with broad white collars. Little Marie José, with bright, mischievous eyes, was sweet and lovely as always. The sight of the happy royal family in the softly lighted church was often to be remembered afterwards by those who looked upon them that morning.

In the afternoon thousands of people went out into the country to watch a contest between French and Belgian airplanes. Loud cheers rang forth as the planes soared high overhead, then dipped and dived and flew in spiral courses. Many were the "stunts" performed by the daring aviators.

The happy day came to an end. King Albert went away with his family to con-

tinue a vacation on which he had lately started. The city of Brussels settled down to its summer's sleep in the heat of the July sun.

Then, suddenly, on the quiet peaceful land, burst the most terrible storm men have ever known. King Albert had seen rightly during the last years when he thought he discerned faint clouds of war in the sky of Europe. Something had now happened to mass those clouds into a mighty curtain of blackness. And out from it flames of fire were leaping that were to lay waste beautiful lands and destroy the lives of millions of innocent men, women and children. Poor little Belgium, so happy and contented! She must be the first to suffer and oh, so terribly!

One morning in late July her boys and girls were playing merrily in their gardens. But the next day how different all seemed! The same children were listening to a story the older folks were telling: the Crown Prince of Austria had been killed by a down-trodden subject. It looked as if war were

to follow — a war that the people did not yet see was to draw many countries into its whirlpool.

Germany had determined that this war must be. She had long been getting ready for it and was glad to have an excuse for fighting. With her strong armies could she not easily gain great riches and new possessions from other nations who were not prepared to fight? First of all, she must enter France and gain Paris. From there she would move on to England and bring that mighty empire to her feet.

What would be the easiest way for the German armies to enter France? Through Belgium, of course. Then no mountains or fortresses would block her path.

But Germany had long since signed a paper, together with France and England and the other great powers, stating that Belgium should be held as a neutral country by these larger and more powerful ones. Their soldiers should not be free to enter Belgium without her permission. In case of trouble between them, she should not be

disturbed. Was Germany to keep her promise? We all know the answer.

King Albert, away from the capital on his vacation, watched the storm clouds gather with a sad heart.

"I must hurry back to Brussels," he decided. "This is no time to rest and play. There is much for me to do at once."

Shortly afterwards the capital of Belgium was alive with excited people. Flags waved everywhere — those of England and France and the United States and of other friendly countries, as well as the red, yellow and black flag of Belgium. Automobiles went flying through the streets. Boy Scouts hurried about, doing important errands. Crowds gathered on the sidewalks to cheer the royal family as it rode past. Before now there had been citizens who believed that kings and queens should no longer be permitted in the world. But that time had gone by. There was only one feeling — love for King Albert and his family, and the wish to stand by this wise ruler, whatever the danger might be. However,

every one still hoped that all would yet go well.

The second day of August came — Sunday. At five o'clock word was brought to the King that Germany would not harm the people of Belgium if her soldiers were allowed to pass through unchecked on their way to invade France.

“But if you refuse them free passage,” she declared, “we will treat you as an enemy.”

What of the solemn promise Germany had made? “A scrap of paper,” her Kaiser called it scornfully.

And what of King Albert? Could he break his own vow that his country should remain neutral by giving free passage through Belgium to the German army on its way to attack France? Impossible.

There were some of his subjects — not many however — who would have stood back and let the German hordes pass on. But the King could not dream of so doing.

The next evening — it was that of Monday, the fourth of August — King Albert's

answer for his country was delivered to Germany: Belgium would not break her agreement; she would resist German invaders. That same evening the King sent a telegram to King George of England, asking for help.

A reply came promptly that the aid should be sent. Word also came from France, on whom Germany had already declared war, that she too would do all she could for Belgium in this time of terrible need.

On Tuesday morning the sun shone brightly over Brussels. The city was dressed as for a gala day. Flags hung from the windows and balconies of every house. The streets and doorways were packed with excited people, watching eagerly for a sight of their loved ruler and his family when they should ride past on their way to the House of Parliament.

These people were not gay-spirited, however, as on holidays. A heavy load was on every heart because war, black cruel war, threatened this prosperous land.

Wildly the crowds cheered, and loudly the bands played as the procession made its way onward to the Parliament House where the leading people of the country were gathered, awaiting the coming of the King and the words that he would speak there.

“Long live the Queen! Long live the Queen!” shouted thousands of devoted subjects as she passed into the Parliament House and seated herself, with her children around her, on a golden chair near the tribune.

And now the cry rang out, “The King! The King! Long live the King! Long live the King!” as he followed the Queen into the building. Firmly, quickly he advanced, his sword clattering as he walked. He took his stand before the people and prepared to speak. A hush fell upon the great gathering as he told of his faith in the Fatherland where he felt that all hearts were beating as one. Then, turning to the deputies, he asked, “Are you determined steadfastly to hold intact the sacred patrimony of our ancestors?”

"Yes, yes!" they cried heartily.

"God will be with us! Long live Belgium!" he replied solemnly.

At these words the people burst into wild shouts. Tears filled the eyes of many. Handkerchiefs were waved violently. But no one at that moment seemed more earnest than the boy Prince Leopold, whose eyes, full of love and faith, were bent upon his father.

Two days afterwards the German troops were crossing the fields of Belgium like a mighty machine of destruction, and King Albert was on the way to take command of his army. He would do all he could to stop the course of the invaders. But his army was small indeed beside theirs. And they had been long preparing!

Cheering and giving courage to his soldiers, the King took his stand at Liège, with his headquarters near-by.

On came the Huns, grim and hard of face, cruel in heart. They looked like moving masses of steel. Endless seemed the long lines of their carefully trained troops. They

bore with them mighty engines of war. Could the small army of Belgians hold out long against them? It would be impossible unless help from the Allies arrived very soon.

Nobly fought the Belgians. Never did men show themselves greater heroes. But inch by inch they were forced to give way, while the needed help did not arrive.

Again the brave little army took its stand at Namur.

With their loved King to give them courage, the men fought as valiantly as before. They could not stem the mighty onrush of the enemy, but they *checked* it, while troops from all over England and France were gathering for the mighty conflict ahead. Yes, they checked the advance for a few short hours, and that check saved France from the destruction that surely would have fallen upon her. King Albert could not understand at the time what a tremendous thing he was doing for the whole world in those days at Liège and

Namur, when it seemed to him that he failed.

He saw only that his army must again withdraw — this time towards Antwerp. Still gloriously fighting, his troops made their way over lands that had lately been rich and beautiful, but were now a barren waste.

Pretty villages lay in ruins. Churches had been burned. The wrecks of cosy homes covered the ground. Worse still! Stories were brought to King Albert's ears of terrible deeds done to men and women and helpless children living in the villages swept over by the enemy. Were these German invaders worse than wild animals? It seemed so. The King's heart burned with horror. There was now stronger reason than ever to resist the foe as mightily as possible.

His next stand was at Louvain. A few French troops had now arrived, but their help was not enough to stem the tide. In a short time the King decided to withdraw again.

“If we stay here,” he thought, “this beautiful city will be stormed, and its churches and university will be destroyed.”

For the same reason he did not try to defend Brussels, but led his army to Antwerp, where he intended to wait till the Allies should come in strong force to his aid.

He was very sad because he had lost great numbers of men, but he was not discouraged. It seemed hard, however, very hard, that the needed help from France and England was so long in coming.

During the King's stay in Antwerp he had one comfort, because his dear wife and children had been able to join him there.

He did not spend many days idly waiting for French and British troops to arrive. He was soon leading his own small army into the country round about and retaking towns that had been seized by the enemy.

But now the Germans came massing in great numbers upon Antwerp itself. The city was besieged on all sides. The air was filled with the booming of the big guns of

the invaders. They seized one fort after another.

What was the King doing now? Was he remaining safe with his family inside the palace walls? Indeed, no! While Queen Elizabeth was busy from morning till night caring for the wounded, he stood ever at the front of battle in the midst of danger. Wherever his men needed him to give them courage, there he went.

"More than once," his soldiers proudly say of him, "he took the place of a man shot down and went on with the fighting."

How they loved their devoted King, those men of Belgium. Whenever their hope nearly died out, they would cry out to each other, "We must do something for our King!" The words always gave new strength, and the fight would go on with fresh spirit. But at last King Albert saw it was useless to try to hold Antwerp longer. If his army were to be saved, it must flee.

There was still one way of escape, towards Ostend by the sea. When once there, Albert's ministers begged him to sail for

England. "Here in Belgium your life is in danger," they told him. "In England you will be safe."

But the King would not think of going. "My place is with my soldiers," he said simply.

So, with thousands of hungry, ragged troops, he fled over the borders into France, and his family followed. He reached it at last, on foot, worn out and dirty and hungry as his men, and limping from having been knocked down by a horse as he left Antwerp.

There, in friendly France, for the next four years, King Albert had to have his seat of government. Belgium, beautiful, brave Belgium, had been swept over by the cruel invaders. Only a small sandy strip of land was left untouched for her rightful ruler to call his own.

Ah! but the fire of hope still burned in Albert's heart. Belgium must be freed. If not, he would perish with her.

Side by side with the armies of the Allies, he fought on at the head of his troops. He shared their rations. He carried to

them the letters and gifts sent them by their "home folks." He stood beside them in the mud of the trenches. He treated them as brothers. He called them, "My friends."

After a battle was over he would go among his soldiers to shake them by the hand. You cannot wonder they were willing to die for him.

Many a story those now living tell of what he did for them during the fearful years of the war. "Once," said a soldier, "the King came and placed himself at my side in the trench. He took the rifle of a soldier so exhausted he could not stand, and fired — just as one of his own soldiers — for an hour and a half."

The man went on to tell that the King did not want his men to give him honors. He cared only to be thought of as a true soldier.

One night, so the soldiers say, he was seen sleeping on the side of the road, too tired to go farther.

He never showed fear. When an officer fell he would take his place, and he would

call to his men like a loving comrade, "Now, my children, all together! fire!" Never were the wounded soldiers in the hospitals weary of praising their King.

While King Albert was fighting with his troops, Queen Elizabeth was busily working among the poor and in the hospitals. The tears were ever near the surface of her tender blue eyes for those about her who were suffering.

Stories, so dreadful that they could scarce be believed, kept coming both to the King and to herself. In their loved Belgium, once so gay and happy, little children were starving, having their eyes put out, and their hands cut off by the Hun invaders who had taken possession of the land. Mothers were torn from their little ones. Old men and women were tortured. Fathers were dragged from their families by cruel slave drivers and sent to Germany to work in the mines and quarries, and even forced to dig trenches from which their brute masters would fire upon their fellow Belgians and their Allies.

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Fear settled down over the once beautiful fields and towns. Screams of unhappy women often rang out through the streets as their husbands were torn from them. Boys and girls huddled together in cellars, hoping the enemy would not discover them.

Yet still the sun shone, and the songs of the skylark and nightingale could be heard. And still King Albert the Brave smiled at danger and gave courage to his troops to fight on. He believed, as on that day which now seemed so long ago, "God is with us," though his heart was heavy with the sorrows of his people.

Nearly three years went by in which King Albert struggled on with the Allies against the common enemy. Black indeed was Belgium's sky when at last a ray of light shone through — the United States was to give her strength in the cause of world-freedom. The clouds parted still more when American troops poured into France.

"Victory is coming, coming," sang the King's heart, which had so long been aching for the sufferings of his people.

And victory did come in the glorious month of November, 1918!

Back into Germany moved the army of the Huns, leaving the wreck of Belgium behind them. Beautiful cathedrals had been destroyed. Cities had been laid waste. Villages had been wiped out. Tens of thousands of brave men had been killed. Women and little children had been tortured. Yet those who still lived could again smile because their country was *free*. Those who had sought refuge in France came hurrying back to build new homes and plant fresh gardens. Little children who had been hiding in ruined buildings and cellars came out into the sunshine to laugh and play once more.

Oh, it was a glad time for Belgium and her noble King and Queen now!

Gladdest day of all was that which saw King Albert back in Brussels, with the city gone almost mad with joy. It was half-past ten on the morning of November nineteen that he entered it with Queen Elizabeth, the princes Leopold and Charles, and the

little Princess Marie José. The air rang with the thunderous cheers of the Belgian people, the pealing of bells, and the blare of trumpets.

The city was decorated from end to end. Flags of Belgium and of her Allies waved everywhere. Among them were some of the red, white, and blue which had been made by Belgian women while hiding from their enemy. They had made them out of odd scraps of cloth when their hearts were overflowing with joy over the good news that America was sending her troops to the aid of their unhappy country.

First, the King and his family rode to the Parliament House, where the burgomaster of the city made a noble speech of greeting.

Then came a review of Allied troops that formed a line ten miles in length. Among them marched two divisions of the Belgian army, war-worn and weary, but oh, so proud and happy!

As the procession moved on, flowers and tiny flags came showering down in the King's pathway from the balconies and

house-tops on either side the street, and from the eager watchers lining the sidewalks. Thousands upon thousands of devoted subjects, try as they would, were not able to get near the line of parade, so dense were the crowds. Glad cheers sounded through the air like the steady roll of thunder.

The day was like midsummer. The sun shone, and in its bright light airplanes circled about over the heads of the joyous people. At one place five hundred young girls were singing the national song of Belgium.

As the royal family came into sight in the procession, the crowds pressed on excitedly to catch a sight of Albert, their Soldier-King, the devoted friend of his people. Some of them stood on chairs or tables — whatever they could get to lift them high enough to make them surer of getting a sight of their King's dear face.

He rode a magnificent horse, his young sons, also on horseback, beside him. Calm and noble he looked; but his face was worn with the care and sorrow of the past years.

He was happy, however, very happy, because the sufferings of his country were over, and Belgium was once more free. As his subjects looked upon him their hearts swelled with pride. "Before us," they thought, "is the greatest hero of the greatest war in history."

MARSHAL JOFFRE

The "Father" of the French Soldiers

"LITTLE JOSEPH will never make a good man of business like his father," the neighbors would say. "He dreams too much."

Then perhaps they would shake their heads, thinking of the hard work Monsieur Joffre must have to feed the hungry mouths of his big family. The dear Lord had blessed him and his good wife with eleven children. Every boy among them ought to learn a trade as early as possible, many thought, so that he might do his part in keeping the wolf from the Joffres' door.

There was no denying it; Joseph liked books better than anything else, and when once his head was bent in study he was quite apt to forget what was going on around him.

The boy's greatest delight was in solving problems that made many of his classmates

scowl. He enjoyed the history lessons also; they told of what had happened in France through the years that had passed. He pored over the maps of his geography, picturing in his mind the places represented there by dots and lines. Yes, his school-room was a pleasant place to the gentle lad.

Yet Joseph loved Rivesalte. He had been born there on a winter day — January 4, 1852 — and there he had lived in an old house near the borders of the village ever since. On the mountain slopes near-by he could watch the shepherds tending their flocks of sheep and goats, while close at hand were many vineyards where the sweetest of grapes ripened in the glorious summer sunshine, and the pickers were busy from morn till night gathering the juicy fruit for the makers of wine.

The summers were long and pleasant, and the winters were not severe in Rivesalte because it is in the far south of France, and tucked away among the Pyrenees Mountains, which divide it from Spain. It was a delightful place for a boy to grow up



General Pershing and Marshal Joffre

in, especially as the people were shrewd and kindly, and their ways were full of courtesy.

Blue-eyed, yellow-haired Joseph loved his home and parents dearly. His father was a cooper by trade. Many a stout oak wine cask he had made to hold the juice of the grapes ripened in the neighborhood. But shaping barrels was not his only work in life. He had received a fairly good education; and in course of time he became secretary to the mayor of the town.

The people of Rivesalte, living as they did on the borderland, spoke the old Catalan language, a mixture of French and Spanish. It was the task of Monsieur Joffre to receive the tax money brought to his office, and to put down in the town records in good French the statements the peasants had made him in the Catalan tongue.

While he was tending to this business and the like, his wife had many cares of her own. Of course the children must be looked after. But the home life was very simple, so there was still time enough to tend the garden and prune the grapes, in which Madame

Joffre took great pride. She was a charming woman, with bright, dark eyes, and hair that was lustrous from careful brushing; and quiet, gentle Joseph liked well to please this capable, loving mother.

So the years passed till Joseph's twelfth birthday was drawing near. Always his reports from school had told the same story: his place in the class was so high as to win smiles and praise from his teacher.

Examination day was now at hand. Hard problems in arithmetic would be given to prove how good the year's work had been. But the lad of Catalan was not afraid; the harder the problem the more he enjoyed working upon it.

The day after the examinations, which had proved to be unusually hard, were over, the teacher gave the pupils his report as to how well they had done. Great was young Joseph Joffre's delight to be told that he had solved every problem correctly.

But the schoolmaster did not stop here. He went on to say: "My lad, you have done well in all your studies during the

year. Moreover, you can gain nothing by staying longer in our school here. You are fitted to take up the studies of the Lycée at Perpignan."

To do what the teacher advised was a big step for any boy in Rivesalte to take. It meant leaving home. It meant a different life altogether, because Perpignan was a large town as well as an old one with an interesting history.

"What will my father and mother think of the schoolmaster's proposal?" wondered Joseph, as he went home to tell the good news.

Would they shake their heads and declare they could not afford such an expense? Would they say that this twelve-year-old son must give up further schooling, now that he had learned all that he could in Rivesalte, and begin to learn a trade? Not so! Both parents were proud that Joseph showed knowledge above his mates, and when they learned what the schoolmaster proposed, they quickly decided that the lad should go to Perpignan.

When the next school year opened a very happy boy took his place among the other students at the Lycée. He was awkward, to be sure, and younger than most of his fellows, and he was shy in the midst of the strange new surroundings. But his teachers and schoolmates gave little heed to his appearance when they discovered what a keen mind was his.

As it had been before, so now: the most difficult problems gave Joseph pleasure where they made other lads fearful. After mastering arithmetic, he passed on to algebra and geometry; his ready understanding of all forms of mathematics was the wonder of the school. He was excellent in many other subjects too — history, and science, and the writings of great authors. But there was one study, strange as it may seem, where he could make little headway. This was the German language. No matter how he might try, his marks in German were almost certain to be low.

Happy days went by in Perpignan, and all the time the youth won praise from his

teachers here even as he had done in little Rivesalte.

When lessons were over for the day Joseph was free to wander about the old town, where he made many friends among the workmen. He was interested in all of them — the blacksmiths, the coopers and the carpenters. He liked to watch them plying their trades and talk to them of what he was learning in the big school. In this way they found out what study he excelled in above all; and, so it is said, they sometimes gave him problems to solve for them. Thus, while their hands were busy, his quick mind could be counting up the cost of the lumber or nails they were using. They were good natured and happy — these workmen of Perpignan — and many a happy hour Joseph passed among them.

“My son shows such readiness to learn that he shall not end his schooling with what he can obtain in Perpignan,” Monsieur Joffre decided after a while.

Because of this, the youth was sent from Perpignan to the more difficult school of

Montpellier. There, before he was sixteen years old, he finished the courses in mathematics and the classics. This was most unusual in one so young. Many people now were ready to say that young Joseph Joffre was more than a dreamer, and if he kept on he would surely make a name for himself and for his family.

And Joseph — a wonderful dream had already shaped itself in his mind. He must — he *would* — go to the great Polytechnic Institute at Paris.

Now it was not an easy matter to enter this school. Every year eleven or twelve hundred of the brightest young men of France sought admission. But there were, at the most, no more than two hundred and fifty vacant places to be filled. One must therefore have very high marks in the entrance examinations to stand any chance of becoming a student there.

Joseph Joffre was not fearful, however. Had he not always done so well in mathematics as to astonish his teachers? And since this study was of most importance at

the Polytechnic Institute, why should he not have strong hope of success?

His parents and friends in quiet little Rivesalte eagerly waited and watched till the word was brought to them that Joseph had passed in the examinations. His rank was fourteen in a class of one hundred and thirty-two. It would have been much higher than that if he had not failed in the study which had always troubled him — the hated German language.

Great was the rejoicing in Rivesalte now. The boy who had grown up among the simple kindly peasant folk there, who had helped in many an autumn grape-gathering, who had laughed and joked with the shepherds on the mountain side, and listened with delight to the tales they told him — this lad whom they had called a dreamer was now to take his place in the famous Polytechnic Institute. There he would study the higher branches of a soldier's art alongside the sons of the greatest men of the country, men whose very names made the country folk draw deep breaths of awe. Gentle,

quiet Joseph Joffre in the Polytechnic Institute! It was wonderful indeed.

Moreover, another lad from Rivesalte bore him company, a youth by the name of Roque. He had been Joseph's playmate from the time he was a baby and had the name of being not so much of a dreamer. By and by — but the people could not guess this then — he was to become the well-known General Roque, who did much to make the airplane of great service in warfare. As for the honors Joseph himself was to win, his friends were to be still more proud and astonished.

In the autumn of 1869, when Joseph was only seventeen years old, he began his new life in Paris.

As the Polytechnic Institute was a military school, the training was strict. Joseph's class was formed into a battalion, with a captain at the head, and two adjutants and thirteen sergeants below him.

Joseph was chosen to be one of the sergeants because he had stood high in his entrance examinations. It was his duty,

therefore, to keep his squad in order. Now, because he was the youngest student in the school, this was a hard task for him — harder than anything he undertook except to master his lessons in German. Alas! he had not been able to leave this study behind him, the only one in which he had ever failed. It was the same bugbear as ever.

In mathematics, however, he was still a “shining light” and won praise from his teachers. This was, of course, far more important than learning another country’s language. Later on, when school-days should be over, a mind keen in solving difficult problems would be able to understand the building of forts and bridges, the construction of engines, and other work which belongs to the art of soldiers in high positions.

The days were divided into regular periods for work and play. When six o’clock struck in the morning Joseph and his mates had to get out of bed without a moment’s lingering for one more little nap.

At half-past six he stood at attention with his comrades to answer the roll call. Breakfast was served at half-past eight. Then came one study after another till two in the afternoon, when Joseph had dinner, which we may be sure he ate with a hearty relish.

After dinner the hard problems in mathematics and the experiments in chemistry which he may have been working on in the morning could be forgotten for several hours, for now Joseph was free to ride horse-back, practice in the gymnasium, fence, or take part in other sports with his mates.

At nine o'clock he was ready for the good supper that was served at that time. Then came a study hour, after which the youth was free to tumble into bed and forget everything else till reveille should sound next morning.

Every Wednesday afternoon and all day Sunday Joseph was free to leave the big school on the hillside of St. Geneviève and wander about Paris for his own pleasure.

Interesting as Paris was, Joseph was glad when vacations came, because then he

could go back to the little home under the Pyrenees to spend happy days among the vineyards of Rivesalte and to listen again to the stories of the shepherds on the mountain slopes.

When Joseph had been in the military school eighteen months a storm broke over France. Her neighbor, Prussia, the most powerful kingdom in Germany, had shown herself anxious for some time to "pick a quarrel." Joseph had heard the low rumbling of thunder which at first did not seem worth heeding. Suddenly the storm burst over the country. There was no escape. Prussia, anxious for new possessions, was determined on war with France.

There was but one thing for Joseph to do: he must help his country in defending herself against her powerful enemy. With one hundred and thirty classmates he left the Polytechnic Institute to join the army, with the rank of sub-lieutenant in a company of engineers. He was sent to the battery of the Porte d'Italie where he was soon under fire. Faithfully he did his

part in the unjust war, but the French army was not strong enough to overcome the enemy. As one misfortune after another befell Joffre's loved country his heart grew bitter.

The French had been driven back, and beautiful provinces, Alsace and a large part of Lorraine, had been torn from France by the merciless Prussians. The young man was filled with added horror when he was obliged to watch, powerless, while Paris, his loved Paris, was besieged, and the French were obliged to surrender.

"Some day," the young patriot said to himself again and again, "Prussia shall pay for her cruelty to France. And I will train myself so that when she is attacked again I will know how to defend her."

This was certainly a proud boast to enter the mind of a simple country lad from Rivesalte. We shall see later on if his thought was a vain one.

When the War of 1870, which brought such shame and sorrow to France, came to an end, young Joffre went back to his studies

at the Polytechnic Institute where he now entered the Corps of Engineers.

When his courses there were finished he went to the War College at Fontainebleau to take still harder studies. There he finished learning the trade of an engineer, and, as a lieutenant he was sent out a few months afterwards to take part in repairing the forts of Paris. He was busy for a number of years at this work, patient and faithful in everything that was given him to do, but unheard of in the big world outside.

One day—it was in the springtime of 1876—the President of the Republic came to examine the defenses of Paris. He took note of the work done by Lieutenant Joffre because it showed such care. Moreover, when he met the young engineer he was impressed by his quiet strength. To the young man's astonishment he stepped up to him, so the story goes, and greeted him with these words, "My compliments, Captain."

Up to this moment Joffre had been only a lieutenant; but now, by this kindly speech, the President meant that he should

henceforth be a captain! His delight must have been very great.

"Our Joffre," as his friends now called him when he went home, was the guest of honor in every house. Dressed in his fine uniform, with the stripes of a captain on his arm, he was still as simple in his ways as in the old days, and as ready as ever to exchange stories with the peasants and to take part in a game of cards with his father and the neighbors.

Then, fresh as a boy after the idle happy days, he went back to the stern work of building forts.

After several years in Paris, Captain Joffre was sent to other places where his skill could be used, — up among the Jura Mountains, and then to Montpellier on the Mediterranean Sea where he went to take command of a company of soldiers.

He married a beautiful young girl at this time and was very happy with his loved one. But a great sorrow soon fell upon him, because the young wife became ill, and death took her away from his sight.

It seemed at first as though he could not bear his loss. "I cannot stay in France," he thought. "Everything here reminds me of my dear one."

News was brought to him that an expedition was about to be sent out to Tonkin in Indo-China. Admiral Courbet was to command it.

"I will ask to join the expedition," the restless, unhappy man decided. His request was granted, and shortly afterwards the young engineer was on his way to the other side of the world.

He had not been long in Tonkin before he attracted the Admiral's attention and won his admiration.

"Captain Joffre would make a good fighter," he said to himself. "I will take him with me to Formosa to attack the pirates who are making so much trouble along the near-by shores of the Pescadores Islands."

Accordingly, Joffre was soon busy dealing with the dangerous pirates and showed such bravery that he was given a rich reward:

he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

After the fighting with the pirates was over Captain Joffre remained in the East for some time longer. Defenses were needed about North Tonkin, and as Chief of Engineers he was given full charge of their construction. He was kind to his men, and they loved him deeply. They came to speak of him as "Father Joffre." But he talked little. There were still two deep sorrows in his heart. One of these was because of the loss of his beautiful young wife. The other came from the misfortune which had befallen his loved country when Germany won from her two of her richest provinces. The memory of the War of 1870 never went to sleep, as he said afterwards.

During his life in Tonkin Joffre showed himself devoted to his work of master-engineer. Everything connected with it was interesting. He enjoyed it. Yet he was ever ready to help the people of Han-hoi where he was stationed, in other ways.

After all, however, he could not have had

a very pleasant life in Hanhoi. It was hot and unhealthful there; oftentimes fever raged and many died around him. Moreover, the strange, dark-skinned natives were very different from the home folks of gay, fun-loving France.

So the captain must have been glad when General Mensier gave him the order to return with him to his own country. The General had watched Joffre in his work and admired him. He had finally said to himself, "That young man can be very helpful to the Department of Engineering at Paris. I will make him a member of my staff."

General Mensier himself was at the head of the War Ministry. So it came about that Captain Joffre went back to the homeland where he was kept busy for several years, first in Paris, then as a professor in the military college among the forests.

Ah, but there were vacations now and then, when he could go back to the little town under the Pyrenees and listen like a care-free boy to the music of the river rushing down the mountain near the old

house where he was born. Once more he could spend merry evenings playing cards with his father and his uncles, and wander on sunny days among the beautiful vineyards.

One night, in the midst of a game with his father, the old man began to talk of a certain vineyard which he owned.

"You should cut oblique trenches through it," advised his son. "Then the floods which pour down the mountains can be easily carried off and harm will be spared the vines."

"Eh, what the deuce!" continued the young officer, "I know something about trenches. That is my job."

He said well. He did know something about trenches. But little did he guess how much more he was yet to know when the Great War should sweep over the land.

Though free and merry with the home folks, Joffre was shy as a schoolboy among strangers. While he was on General Mennier's staff the Minister of War came one day to call on the General at his office.

As the visitor entered the outer room, he met no usher there to announce his presence. While he stood waiting for one to appear, a young officer got up from behind a small desk in the corner of the room and proceeded to take the place of the usher.

When he had left the office the visitor said laughingly to the General, "I see you have a new usher."

"Oh, that's Joffre," was the answer. "He's good at all jobs." He stopped for a moment and then went on, "He'll be good for the big job some day."

It had become plain to the General away back in Tonkin, and now in Paris, that the young soldier who showed himself faithful in everything given him to do, no matter how small the duty might be, was the kind of man to perform the most important tasks well.

In 1892 Major Joffre — for such was his title now — was again sent away from France. A railroad was needed in Africa, through the wild country of western Sudan.

Lions roared at night through the forests

there. Hippopotami wallowed in the muddy banks of the streams. Many of the natives were fierce and ready to attack the white men who ventured among them. Not only great skill would be needed by the engineer who should build the railway, but also bravery and wisdom in meeting the tribes of savages who dwelt along the intended route.

Major Joffre started out on his undertaking earnestly, gladly. He was ready for fresh adventure. He was also pleased to have a chance to use his knowledge of engineering.

When Major Joffre reached the Sudan he started building the railroad through the wilderness. It was only partly finished when he was ordered to leave his work and help Colonel Bonnier make an advance on Timbuctu, the sacred city of the Tuareg tribe. The black men had guarded it so carefully that only four people from Europe had managed to enter it during the past hundred years. The city stood on the edge of the Sahara, beside the banks of the Niger.

It was the place to which trains of camels

and heavily laden canoes brought the products of Africa from many miles around.

"If only Timbuctu could come into the hands of the French!" Colonel Bonnier had thought. "Then the trade of Central Africa would belong to my country!"

The two commanders started out on different paths. Colonel Bonnier traveled by boat along the Niger River. Major Joffre led his troops by land. He had over one thousand men under him, mostly natives, with French officers commanding them.

As Joffre advanced through the wilderness he was ever on the lookout for danger and watchful in discovering the ways in which the savages were likely to attack him.

From time to time he had fights with his black enemies, but always met with success; and he was so wise in dealing with the native chiefs that he won the friendship of many of them.

After a difficult march of more than five hundred miles, often over fever-laden marshlands, he drew near the mysterious city of

Timbuctu. Sad news had already reached him that Colonel Bonnier and his whole force had been taken by surprise and killed on the way.

Should he himself turn back? The natives had proved traitors to Colonel Bonnier when he thought he had made friends with them. Might not Joffre be treated in the same way? Suppose he succeeded in reaching Timbuctu; was not still greater danger waiting for him there?

Questions like these entered the major's mind, but he had no thought of giving up what he had started out to do. Bravely he pushed on till he reached the sacred city, which he entered and succeeded in taking.

But this was not enough in Joffre's eyes.

"I must stay here till I have made Timbuctu a safe stronghold for France," he said to himself.

Already, however, the order had come: "Go back to your tracklaying in the wilderness and finish the railroad you have begun."

He considered whether he should obey the order. No, he quickly decided, because

his superior officers who were far away did not know what the condition of the country was.

Consequently, his love for France said, "Remain and fortify Timbuctu and make amends as best you can for the loss of Bonnier and his brave companions."

He did remain and carried out his plan so well that Timbuctu became a strong French post, and French rule was set up in that part of Africa. Then only did Major Joffre return to his railroad which he was able to complete without further interruption.

When the news reached France of Joffre's brave march, and the conquest made by him in the Sudan, his name was sounded with praise through his native country. He was awarded the title of colonel and another degree in the Legion of Honor. Now at last he had won fame.

His adventures had been so interesting that he wrote a book about them. The story was told simply and clearly and was read with delight by his countrymen.

When his work in the Sudan was finished Colonel Joffre went back to France, where he was soon busy in a new way altogether, — he helped the War Ministry in the making of new inventions for war.

Then again he was sent away, this time to the big island of Madagascar which was owned by France. Strong fortifications were needed for the principal harbor of the island. Only a great engineer would be equal to planning them and directing their building. Colonel Joffre commanded a corps of six thousand men in this work, and he showed such skill that he won high honor.

“Why, he has accomplished a wonder in engineering!” people said of him, and his old friends in Rivesalte were prouder than ever of “Our Joffre.” Yet the man himself was as simple and kindly as ever, with no thought of being conceited over the fame that had come to him.

In the year 1900 he was once more back in France where he soon had cause for new happiness, because he had won the love of a gentle and sweet-natured lady who was

a widow with two little daughters. The brave colonel and she were shortly wedded and began housekeeping outside of Paris.

Now at last, after many lonely years and long wanderings, Joffre had a home of his own. He was tender and thoughtful of his dear wife, and the kindest of fathers to the two little girls. After a long, busy day at the office he would go back to his family with a light heart, because ahead of him was an evening of pleasant chat and music. His little daughters could talk to him about their school and play, and he would never be too tired to listen.

And now, when he went back to Rivesalte for a vacation, he need not go alone. His wife and children bore him company and enjoyed with him the mountains and the vineyards and the company of the peasant folk whose love they were quick to win.

Thus Rivesalte became their holiday home, and Joffre bought a house there, — not grand at all, but roomy and comfortable, and with a garden containing beautiful

trees. It stood at the entrance of a boulevard to which the people had given the name "Joffre" in honor of the great man who had been born among them.

To this day they like to tell the story of a certain old neighbor who had known Joffre from his childhood. When the General had become famous, this man felt he must not speak to him in a familiar way any longer. He must say "you" and not "thou" as the people of Catalan did when talking to relatives and close friends.

But Joffre laughed at such an idea. He believed in "once a friend, always a friend." On the other hand, however, he would never give a good position to any one simply because he was a friend.

"No one," he thought, "should advance except by his own work and will." He himself had earned by faithful effort what he had gained. This, he believed, was as it should be for every one.

Joffre had succeeded so remarkably in Madagascar that on his return to France he was given charge of the making of all

defences against possible enemies. He built four strong forts at this time, — Belfort, Épinal, Toul, and Verdun. Each one of these forts was to be attacked before many years by the German army, and each one was to show itself difficult of conquest because of the excellent way in which it had been built.

But Joffre, now a brigadier-general, was not satisfied with his training. He said to himself, "I am an incomplete man. I have not had enough practice at handling troops in the field."

Without doubt he was thinking of what he had determined more than thirty years ago when Germany had brought such shame to France: *he would prepare himself to defend his country if she were ever attacked again.*

So it came about that he took up the active command of troops. First he had a brigade under him, then a division, and finally a whole corps.

When he was quite sure that he knew everything about commanding large bodies of men he was well content. By this time,

however, it was plain to every one that he deserved one of the highest honors France could give him: he was made a member of the Superior War Council. The very next year, 1911, he became commander-in-chief of the French armies.

For nearly three years he was quietly, happily busy at this most important post. Each morning he would leave his lovely home across the river from the Eiffel Tower for an early ride on horseback. Then breakfast followed, and a hard day's work at the War Office. But when evening came Joffre's charming wife and two young daughters listened eagerly for his home-coming. Now there would be music, and reading of favorite books, and lively chats over what had happened to each one during the day.

A gentle, kindly man was the great general, and simple in all his ways! He ate sparingly; he slept, by choice, on a hard bed; he cleaned his sword and saddled his horse himself. His voice, sweet as the grapes of his native vineyards, was delightful to listen to. And yet the strength of

this man, so gentle and modest in manner, was felt by every soldier in the French army. They loved him; yet they felt that he must be obeyed. One of the highest officers under him said truly, "He commands us as we love to be commanded."

The year 1914 arrived, and with it the oncoming rush of the mighty German army which had been long preparing for its attack on France. Was Joffre excited at the tremendous duty that was now his, — to defend France against the terrible enemy? He did not seem so, at any rate. His manner was as calm and gentle as ever. Yet the fire of a strong purpose, which had burned in his heart for forty-four years, burned now with intensest force. He was prepared. Every day since his youth he had been preparing, not only in mind but in body. That he might be strong and keen of thought, he had eaten simply, exercised regularly, slept long nights of healthful sleep. Yes, he was prepared. Long ago his plans had been laid for defense when the foe should strike.

Down in little Rivesalte there was no fear even when men, women and children in other parts of France were trembling at the news that war was upon them.

"Haven't we got our Joffre?" they said to each other with simple trust. Surely, they thought, France would be safe if he was at the head of the army.

Ah! but there were fearful days ahead for the country. They were days that would make the wisest shake their heads and ask, "Shall we be able to hold out against Germany's long-planned, carefully-thought-out attack?"

"We must stand guard on the east," Joffre quickly decided. There he would be ready to meet the oncoming German hordes as they advanced over the borderland. There were strong French forts there, so he would be able to make a good resistance. Accordingly he poured forces into that part of France.

Little did he dream that Germany did not plan to take the course he expected because it would make the hardest kind of fighting

necessary. Indeed, no! How much easier for her main army to march through Belgium and enter France from a more northerly direction. What was a mere scrap of paper, forsooth, — a paper containing the promise that Belgium should remain independent, no matter what troubles might arise between her neighbors?

“Why! it is a trifle not worth considering,” the German Emperor and his advisers evidently believed.

Quickly Joffre had to change his plans as he heard that seventy-five divisions of Prussians were sweeping over Belgium. Perhaps — perhaps — their advance would be checked before they reached the border forts of Namur. So the French hoped. But bravely as King Albert and his little army fought, he was able to hold back the Germans for a short time only. On they came; the stronghold of Namur gave way; the river Meuse was crossed; and the cruel Huns entered the streets of French towns, bringing sorrow and death and destruction.

The women of the invaded districts no longer sang gay songs at their work. Boys and girls stopped their play in terror when they heard the hated "Watch on the Rhine" played by the advancing German bands. There were terrible happenings in those days. Innocent people were tortured and put to death by the bayonets of their enemies, perhaps for their own amusement. Little children were maimed and starving. Women were made insane by the horrors they looked upon.

Weeping and wailing could now be heard all over France as stories spread of what cruel war was bringing in its train.

And Joffre? Day after day he gave the same command — "Retreat" — as the invaders came sweeping farther and farther into the country he loved as his life. They were headed for Paris. It looked as if they would soon reach the Capital and take possession of it. Then would not France be lost? So tens of thousands of people were saying to each other.

"Have we been mistaken in our com-

mander-in-chief?" they asked. They were losing faith.

But most of the officers under Joffre still trusted in him. They said, "He has a plan in his mind. We will still believe in him and that he will lead our country to safety."

One day, however — it was late in August, 1914 — a certain captain coming from the war front met some other officers who had not heard the latest report. The captain looked very gloomy. He had a sad tale to tell of the army in full retreat, of the great need of heavy artillery and munitions, of the rapid advance of the enemy towards Paris.

"What about the General Headquarters?" asked one of the officers in a discouraged tone.

"At the end of their rope," was the answer.

"And what does the boss say?" asked another officer.

"Joffre?" the captain asked. Then, raising his arms towards the sky and opening and shutting his eyes, he cried, "Joffre? That man still believes we'll win out!"

And Joffre *did* believe it. He never lost hope. Moreover, he had a plan on which he had spent long hours of thought. He was like the sun that still shines behind the clouds, be they ever so heavy and black, *and is sure to scatter those clouds* some day. Even now he could see victory ahead.

Day after day he led the retreat back, still back, till he reached the river Marne. Every foot of the ground here he knew from practice with troops years ago. Now at last he was prepared to turn like a wild animal at bay.

It was the evening of September 4 when his officers received from him an order to be given to their men at once.

"Advance," so the order stated, "and when you can no longer advance, hold at all costs what you have gained. When you can no longer hold, die."

Next morning the will of Joseph Joffre was the will of every man in his army, as it turned not merely to *defend* itself as it had been doing; but to *attack*.

For five terrible days the battle raged.

The air resounded with the thunder of artillery. The ground was strewn with the bodies of the dead and dying. Many were the deeds of heroism in that time, as with Joffre's words ringing in their ears, the French soldiers forgot all else in their struggle to save the fatherland.

"Hold at all costs what you have gained," he had commanded. And further, "When you can no longer hold, die." Yes, they would die and die gladly, if only France might be spared the yoke of German slavery. The courage of their commander had passed on to his troops.

Slowly but surely the enemy weakened, and at last with the daylight of September 10, the German army was in retreat. The sunshine of strong will and steady purpose had broken through the clouds. Joseph Joffre had fulfilled the desire of his life, — he had saved France.

When the good news spread through the country, there was rejoicing in every home. And in Paris, just delivered from the approach of the enemy, a day was given up

to celebrate the wondrous victory of the Marne. There were prayers of thanksgiving in the churches, and songs of victory were sung. But most precious of all tributes to the General whose fame was now shouted over all the world was that offered to him in the quiet little home town far from the noisy outside world. There in dear little Rivesalte, the friends of Joffre's childhood gathered flowers with which they covered the steps of the old house where he was born. Great was the pride of those peasant folks that day.

"Our Joffre," old men and women, boys and girls said to each other, "is the savior of France."

How was it in these days with the soldiers of France, the men whose glorious courage had so nobly carried out the will of their commander? They had gladly offered their lives in the terrible conflict because they loved their chief and they knew that *he loved them*. "Father Joffre" they came to call him. He was their friend. Not one of them would he carelessly sacrifice.

Furthermore, he would take no more credit for what he had done than should be given to the poorest and humblest of his soldiers. When the battle of the Marne had ended, he wrote a letter to those brave faithful troops, in which he said:

“As for me, if I have done any good, I am rewarded by the greatest honor that ever came to me in my whole career, the honor of commanding men like you. It is with deep emotion that I tender you my thanks for what you have done. I owe to you the realization of that towards which all my energies have continuously strained for four and forty years; I mean the *revanche*¹ of 1870.”

In another part of the letter he said, “I do not want people to talk about me any more than the others. I am a citizen of the Republic, nothing more.”

As we all know now, the Great War continued to rage long after the battle of the

¹ *Revanche* is the French word for *revenge*. Hence, by the “*revanche* of 1870,” Joffre referred to the revenge of his people which the Germans deserved for their unjust war upon the French in 1870.

Marne. Bitter fighting was ahead for many months, — for years in fact. But Joffre had stemmed the tide of the German advance into his country. He continued to keep up a noble defense against an enemy that was far greater in number and vastly better trained than his own army.

During those years while Joffre was standing out against the invaders, the Allies were preparing for the time when they could not only defend themselves, but make strong attacks. At the beginning they had been taken by surprise. As soon as possible they must follow a more active course.

When that time came, Joffre, who had “borne the brunt of the burden” so long and was growing old, agreed in his usual noble, big-hearted way that another commander-in-chief should be chosen in his place.

But the man of iron will and loving heart was not to be forgotten by his people.

“All honor to our noble Joffre,” they said heartily.

In the homes of the great and the lowly

everywhere in France his picture had its chosen place, and little children were told by their parents: "That is the hero who saved our country in its greatest need. All along he has believed in our final victory. He believes in it still. And it was he who took the first great steps towards making victory possible. Never forget Father Joffre."

As the war raged on, and deeds were done by the Germans, that were too horrible to tell, the United States could bear to look on no longer. She joined at last in the War upon War. The good news of her coming gave fresh courage to France, now weary and almost hopeless.

Shortly afterwards — it was in the spring of 1917 — a war mission made a journey across the ocean to meet the people of America and to talk with them about the need of the Allies and the best ways of giving aid. General Joffre, who was at the head of his country's war council, had an important place in this mission.

He and his companions reached the shores

of Virginia on April 24 and the next day were received by the President and the people of Washington with great honor. During his stay in the Capital he visited the House of Congress and listened to the speeches of leading men of our country.

At that time one thought was strong in Marshal Joffre's mind: American soldiers were needed to stand in defense of liberty beside the weary soldiers of France and Great Britain. He must show this. The people of the United States must see, as clearly as he saw, that not only money and supplies were necessary to the Allies, but men full of health and strength and courage. The United States, as this wise general knew, had once fought a brave fight for freedom under George Washington, the Father of his Country. So it was that Joffre, whom the French soldiers loved as a father, left the Capital with a full heart to visit the tomb of Washington.

Mr. Balfour, who represented Great Britain in the War Mission, went with him.

As they stood beside the tomb, Joffre laid

a bronze palm bound with the tricolor of France upon the marble sarcophagus. Mr. Balfour placed a wreath of lilies beside the palm. Then, turning to the people gathered there, he spoke of the joy George Washington would feel if he knew that Great Britain, France, and the United States were now joined hand in hand for the salvation of all men from the power that was striving to enslave them.

From Washington the hero of the Marne went to other leading cities in our country. Wherever Joffre went he was met with joy and great applause. In St. Louis over fifteen thousand people crowded into the Coliseum to see him and hear him speak. Other thousands, remaining outside because there was no more room within, made the air ring with their singing of the "Marseillaise," and with shouts of "Long live France, Long live France!"

In Springfield, Illinois, where Abraham Lincoln lies buried, Marshal Joffre knelt down reverently and lovingly beside the marble slab of his tomb.

At Philadelphia Joffre listened with strong feeling to the "Marseillaise" which three thousand High School girls sang in his honor. There he placed wreaths on the grave of Benjamin Franklin and the statue of Joan of Arc. Then, at the University of Pennsylvania, he received degrees of honor and afterwards rode through Franklin Field to the cheers of thousands of people gathered there to catch a glimpse of his kind, smiling face.

But it was in New York City that Marshal Joffre was most deeply touched. It was at the singing of the school children who gave him their greeting in City Hall Park. He had received honors of many kinds. The greatest people of the United States had been doing all they could to show their love and admiration for this noble hero ever since he arrived here. But after all, nothing pleased Joffre, the man of simple loving heart, so much as the songs of greeting of American boys and girls.

Joffre's love for the little folks showed itself a day or two afterwards when it fell

to him to unveil a statue of Lafayette in Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

In the midst of the ceremony a little girl came up to him to present a bouquet of flowers. Suddenly she became fearful of the watching crowds and the greatness of the man before her, and burst out weeping. And Joffre? Why, he did just what we might expect. He reached down and took not only the flowers, but the little girl into his strong, loving arms.

Before leaving the United States Joffre visited West Point and spoke hopeful words to the military students there. He also went to Boston; and at Harvard University across the river, he reviewed the regiment of young students already training for service in the war.

When Joseph Joffre returned to France he went with a glad and hopeful heart. He had been welcomed in the United States as a war hero. But more than this: he knew that he stood to them as the defender, not only of French liberty, but of a holy cause, — world freedom. Because

of his coming, America would be willing to sacrifice more and serve more nobly in that cause.

At last the good news was telegraphed around the world that the terrible fighting of more than four years had come to an end. No longer was the sound of cannon heard in France. No longer did the dreaded airplane hurl bombs down on innocent people. No longer did the vile submarines hide beneath the waters of the sea, striking death upon defenseless men, women, and children without warning.

In the rejoicing that followed Joffre was present in the hearts of his countrymen.

"He is one of the immortals," they declared. "Like France, he can never die."

No more fitting honor could be bestowed upon him now, they agreed, than to make him a member of the French Academy where the greatest names in history had a place. Here only the noblest statesmen had ever been admitted, together with the leaders in art, in literature, in the church, in warfare. Here, without question, there-

fore, must Marshal Joffre, the hero of the Marne, be admitted.

As he stood up before a great gathering, the sun burst through the clouds of a dark day, shedding its brightness over all. Simple in manner as on entering the humblest home of his native town, Joffre wore the undress uniform of a Marshal of France instead of the richly embroidered gown of a member of the Academy, as he might have done.

"It is as a Marshal of France that I enter the Academy," he had said, "and it is dressed as such that I shall present myself there."

After he had made his address it fell to a noted poet to reply. When he spoke of Marshal Joffre as the victor of the Marne, Joffre arose and said, "It is not I, it is the Poilu." Now, since the French word *poilu* means a common soldier or private, Joffre wished to express that it was not through him, but through the devotion of his soldiers, that the battle had been won.

At his words, every person in the audience,

so we are told, turned his eyes up towards the balcony, where a blind soldier was standing at attention. On the instant all burst into loud cheers, led by President Wilson who rejoiced heartily in being present when Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre was given a place in the French Academy, marking his name as one belonging to all time, — as eternal.

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING

The American Leader to Victory

JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING was very much like other boys. He loved sports. He enjoyed playing pranks. He was healthy and hearty and had a good appetite.

Nobody said in those early days, "That boy, John Pershing, is a wonder. When he grows up he'll certainly be one of the great people of this country."

No, people didn't speak that way about the lad, though they liked him and were quick to see that he had "the makings of a man." And that was worth-while praise to receive from the hard-working citizens of Laclede, Missouri.

When John first opened his baby eyes, he was lying in a simple bed in a small shanty in the country, a little way out of Laclede which in those days was a rough town near the borderland of the wilderness.

John's father was a section boss on the railroad. He had charge of the laying of

a track which reached out from Laclede. So, in order to be close to his work, he and his young wife had gone to live in a tiny house which, so it has been said, had belonged to the slave quarters of a certain judge's plantation.

Mrs. Pershing managed to fix up the shanty so it became quite a comfortable little home, and here the first child that came to the young couple, John Joseph, was born September 13, 1860.

The Civil War broke out when little John was only a few months old. By that time his father's work on the new railroad was done, and he moved his family into Laclede, where he bought out a "general" store containing all kinds of supplies. A regiment of volunteers was stationed in the neighborhood for training, and Mr. Pershing became sutler to this regiment.

Soon afterwards another baby came to the household, — John's brother James. Then the troops quartered in the town moved to St. Louis, and Mr. Pershing set up business for the townspeople in the

empty store. At the same time he became postmaster.

A few months later he again became a sutler, as another regiment had been quartered in Laclede. Then, when it went away, he returned to the business of keeping the village store.

Little John began going to school before he was five years old. Not to a public one, however, because there was none in that part of the town in those days. But a young lady, a Miss Ella Seward, had opened a private school for little children, and there John and James were sent.

John was what would be called a "pretty" boy at that time. He had pink and white cheeks, bright blue eyes, and fair, tightly curling hair. When the other boys wanted to tease him they called him towhead.

In the course of time there were eight brothers and sisters besides himself. Three of these died when they were babies, but there were still enough children in the household to fill it with fun and laughter.

John's parents, however, did not believe

in spoiling their children. They were taught to obey; and as they grew older all had duties to perform which they were not allowed to forget.

Then, too, the whole family attended church regularly, because Mr. and Mrs. Pershing were religious people. When the Sabbath day came round, therefore, the household was a very quiet one, and the children put on their "Sunday best" clothes and made ready to start to church with their father and mother. Mr. Pershing, with John on one side and James on the other, generally went ahead, while Mrs. Pershing walked behind with her daughters.

Of course there was Sunday School for the children too. Mr. Pershing was the Superintendent. Under his father's quick eyes in that Methodist "meeting house" we may be sure John was very quiet, with no thought of whispering or giggling.

Now, though both Mr. and Mrs. Pershing were strict with their children, they loved them tenderly and did all they could to make them happy.

Young John loved them deeply in return and was generally a well-behaved lad. Yet, as he was a "regular boy" after all, he liked to have his own way, and got into trouble in consequence.

For instance, there was the time he chewed tobacco and became terribly sick from so doing. A farmer, whom the boys called "Old Man Biggers," had a tobacco plantation a little way outside Laclede. A village lad, "Feather" Hawkins, who was always setting his mates up to mischief, stole some of the tobacco and brought it into the town.

"I dare you to chew some of it," he said to eleven-year-old John.

Of course John accepted the dare, but oh, how unhappy he was afterwards as he lay on a haystack thinking over his foolishness, and too ill to move!

Then there was the time when that same bad Feather Hawkins and John's brother James coaxed him to go into Mr. Margrave's peach orchard to get fruit. Not at night, mind you, when they might not be

seen, but when the sun was shining in all its brightness.

"Old Margrave said we could come," declared Feather Hawkins solemnly. "Only we mustn't shake the trees," he added.

John believed Feather, and so he boldly followed him and James to the peach orchard. And then Mr. Margrave's brother came along and discovered them, and the boys were scared and ran off with their pockets stuffed full of peaches, and hid among the tall stalks of corn in a near-by field. But they were followed and again discovered, and told that they must appear before Mr. Margrave himself the next day.

Well, the three culprits bravely did as they were told; they got to "Old Margrave's" home at the time they had been directed to come. Moreover, he was such a kind man and so pleased that they *did* come, and the Hawkins boy talked so winningly, that Mr. Margrave actually told them they might visit his peach orchard again and help themselves to the fruit.

"Only," he said, no doubt with a twinkle

in his eyes, "you must not shake the trees."

John, like many another lad, was very fond of pie. And there was one kind-hearted little lady who was famous as a piemaker. She was fond of Johnny Pershing and always found it hard to resist the longing look in his eyes when he appeared before her, hungry for such "sweeties" as she knew so well how to make.

"He was a clean, well-behaved boy," she said long afterwards, "always polite and straightforward."

After the Civil War ended, a good many people left the states along the eastern coast and moved west to seek their fortunes. Newcomers came pouring into the country around Laclede. Mr. Pershing made haste to buy land in every direction. He expected to gain a big fortune by selling it afterwards in small lots to the new settlers.

Then the tide turned. People stopped coming. John's father had a number of farms, but no ready money because he had put it all into the land. His expenses were

heavy because his family was large. To get money he must raise crops on the farms he had bought. So, when John was only thirteen years old, he had to work hard in the fields, not only in the long vacations, but much of the time each day when he was not in school.

Whatever he did, however, whether work, or study, or play, he did with all his might.

Notwithstanding that he saw it would not be easy to get an education, he made up his mind by the time he was fourteen that he was going to have one. He told his chum Charlie Spurgeon that he had set his mind on it. He saw that his father would not be able to pay for it entirely. He must help himself.

When he was sixteen, Mr. Pershing got a position as traveling salesman for a clothing store. He was to have a salary of two thousand dollars a year. This was very good for those days; and yet with so many children to care for, he could not help John as much as he might wish.

Now, however, the young fellow took

charge of a country school at Prairie Mound, seven miles from Laclede. He boarded during the school days with a farmer in the neighborhood, but every Friday night he rode home on horseback. He was a tall fellow by this time, with broad strong shoulders and determined jaws.

There was a certain lad in the school, himself big and strong, who started out to have his own way. The young teacher promptly gave him a sound thrashing.

The boy went home to tell the story, and when his father heard it he was wild with anger. He started at once to "have it out" with the teacher who dared to thrash his son. He was a giant of a man, much bigger than young John Pershing. But when he appeared, ready to give him a thrashing in return for what his boy had received, the school-teacher was quiet and calm, and tried to use reason with him.

It was of no use; the man was too angry to listen. Then, so the school children afterwards said, young Pershing's lips became very white, and his bright blue eyes

grew narrower and narrower, till they were like steel-gray points.

“You get out of this house and off these grounds, and stay off as long as I’m teacher — or I’ll kill you,” he said slowly.

It was plain that he meant what he said. The man was scared, at any rate. With stumbling words he made some sort of apology and slunk away. Furthermore, he never again attempted to make trouble for the young schoolmaster.

While John was teaching he saved all the money he could from his small salary of forty dollars a month. After a while he had enough so that, with a little help from his father, he was able to go to the State Normal School which was in the next county. He went for the spring term of three months after the winter’s teaching was over at Prairie Mound.

When the term came to an end young Pershing went home to work and teach till the next spring should open. Then came another three months’ study at the Normal School, as the youth was still determined to

get an education. His brother James and his sister Mary Elizabeth went with him.

One day — it was during young Pershing's second term at the Normal School — he showed Mary Elizabeth something he had just read in the newspaper: at Trenton, about fifty miles away, an examination was to be held in a few weeks for admission to the great Military Academy at West Point. The one who should receive the highest marks in the examination would be chosen to go.

"What shall I do about it?" the young man asked. "Shall I try?"

Mary Elizabeth knew that her brother was anxious to get a good education.

"You had better make use of this chance," she answered thoughtfully.

Every night after that John sat up late studying for the examination, while his devoted sister gave all the help she could quizzing him, because both of them knew the test would be a hard one.

The important day came at last. It found John Pershing at Trenton with other

young men eager to pass the examinations. When it was over and all the papers had been corrected, the marks showed that the youth from Laclede stood the highest.

Great was his delight as he hurried home to tell his parents of his success. It was a happy surprise, as John had not let them know anything about what he had been trying for.

The next autumn the ambitious youth bade his old friends good-by as he started out on his first great adventure. He was going far from the old home to take up an entirely new life in a different part of the country.

West Point! the very name suggested so much. Students from the best colleges in the United States would be there. The sons of some of the most important men would be the Laclede boy's companions. Men of much learning would be his instructors. There would be strict military training, for this was a college of war where the students were taught how to become officers of the United States Army.

As far as the army was concerned, John Pershing cared little. His main wish was to get a good education, and of this he was sure at West Point. So he started out on his new life eagerly.

In a short time he showed both his teachers and classmates that he was a natural leader of men. General Merritt, the Superintendent of the Academy, long afterwards said of him, "He gave early promise of becoming the superior officer he is now known to be. He was earnest, ambitious, energetic and manly."

Many a word of praise has since been given by his fellow cadets also. One of them has said of him, "He always had a set to his jaw — his determination was apparent."

Another one said: "He had a native dignity — a way of carrying himself that was unusual in a youngster."

A third has spoken of the way he rode. He said: "John was a splendid horseman. Many's the time I've watched him. He would do anything that required grit and strength and skill."

John also, he stated, excelled at gymnastics and in everything that required great strength of arms and shoulders.

Young Pershing became such a favorite among his mates that they made him the class president when he had been at West Point only a short time. Proud indeed was he of the honor, and happy at having so soon won the esteem of his fellow students that he was the choice of *every one* of the class.

Moreover, the young man gained for himself the highest post a cadet could win in each one of the four years he was at West Point. In the freshman, or "plebe" class, as it is called at the Academy, he quickly became ranking corporal, the next year the ranking first sergeant, and so on.

Each of these ranks could be held only the one who governed well. He must have such power over his men that they were quick to obey, willing and ready to do his will. They must respect him and fear to displease him.

Many a cadet lost his rank after winning

it because he could not hold this power. In fact, it was not easy to do so because when drill was over, the privates and officers were all good fellows together, playing jokes upon each other, eating in the same halls, studying in the same classes, with the difference of rank lost sight of. Then, at the call to drill, this common fellowship must instantly be done away with, and the officer must keep his men in as strict order as he would if the commander in an actual battle. Young Pershing, however, as has been said, showed himself from the start a successful leader.

He was not a remarkable student. He had to work hard to pass in his studies. In mathematics he never excelled as Joseph Joffre over in France had done. Many a night he sat up long after taps had been sounded, trying to master a difficult lesson for the next day's class.

One such time he got into trouble. The rules of the Academy were very strict: at a certain time every light must be out in the cadets' rooms, and they must be in bed.

But young Pershing sometimes failed to have mastered all his lessons by that time. He would pin a blanket over his window so that no tell-tale light could shine out, and then keep on with his study.

One such night two of his friends joined him, while his roommate went to bed and to sleep. They were as quiet as possible, so they felt quite safe. Suddenly they heard a sound outside: the officer in charge was coming up the stairs with long bounds.

Quick! not a moment to be lost! One of Pershing's companions dashed across the hall to his own room. The other jumped into bed with the cadet who was asleep there. Pershing himself made a dive for the window, tore down the blanket and, with his clothes still on, sprang into his own bed after putting out the light.

Alas! try though he might to seem fast asleep, he and his companions had been discovered, and they met with due punishment. Young Pershing, for his part, had to walk six extra hours on duty for breaking the rules!

He was much troubled when he did not get along well in any one of his studies. It came particularly hard for him to learn French. Saturday afternoon, which was the only free period in all the week, he would often stay in his room and study instead of joining his mates for a good time.

It was the fashion at West Point for the upper classmen to haze, or "devil" as they called it, the freshmen or plebes.

One form of "deviling" was what they termed "dragging." Stormy weather was often chosen because then there could be more fun. The unlucky fellow to be dragged was taken by surprise in the middle of the night, pulled out of bed, carried outdoors, and dragged the whole length of the company street. Along its sides, generally, a goodly number of upper classmen were drawn up with buckets full of water in their hands ready to pour on the passing victim. As if the falling rain were not already enough to make him thoroughly uncomfortable!

Pershing's boyhood chum, Charles Spur-

geon, has said, "But they didn't haze John Pershing, although they attempted to do it."

"Naturally," Mr. Spurgeon went on, "John was on the alert in this matter of hazing, for he suspected that he would be chosen sooner or later to undergo some sort of initiation at the hands of the hoodlums.

"One night three men entered his room. By the lateness of the hour he was convinced that they came on no honest errand, and he instantly chose a course of action that proved his generalship.

"Without giving his uninvited guests time to say a word, he just naturally knocked the stuffing out of all three of them. That was the first and last attempt the West Pointers made to haze John Pershing."

When the young student had been at West Point for two years he went home, as usual, on his summer vacation. One hot day he and Charles Spurgeon went out into the woods together. Lying down in the shade of the trees, they talked of their boy-

hood days and of Pershing's life at West Point.

"How do you like the army?" asked his friend.

Pershing replied: "I intend to finish the course at the Academy, but then I will probably study law."

"This country is at peace now," he went on. "There won't be a gun fired in the next hundred years. The army is no place for me in peace times. I'd start in as a second lieutenant, and I'd get to be first lieutenant only when the first lieutenant died. The world is going to be too peaceful in the future to make the army look promising as a career."

The next two years went happily by. Then, with the rank of senior cadet captain, John Joseph Pershing graduated from West Point and went out to begin his career, — not as a lawyer as he had once planned, but as a warrior. The love of his teachers and classmates went with him.

First of all, he went home to spend a happy summer's vacation with his family.

As he had now agreed to become a soldier in the army of the United States, this vacation was called a furlough because at a certain date he must go on soldier-duty to whatever place the American Government should order him.

At that time there was a good deal of trouble with the Indians in the southwestern part of the country. There were wild tribes there who did not live contentedly on the lands which had been given to them by the white men. They liked their old life of hunting better than tending cattle or tilling farms. Many of them were fierce and cruel. They raided the homes of white settlers around them. They stole their horses, and sometimes even killed the settlers themselves. Alas! wicked white traders had made matters worse by selling fire-water to the red men, and when they drank it they were made more fierce and cruel than ever.

Because of this bad state of affairs soldiers had to be sent to the Southwest; there forts had to be built where troops were stationed

to keep the Indians from doing terrible harm.

Now, when young Pershing's furlough came to an end, he was ordered to New Mexico to help in defending the people against the Indian raids. One fierce Apache chief, Geronimo, had given himself up at last after much dangerous hunting for him and his band among deserts and canyons and high mountains. But another chief, Mangas, had still to be caught. No white settlers felt safe while Mangas was still at large. Why, he might appear with his savage followers at any moment where he was least expected, and scalp every one in the little settlement he was taking by surprise.

Strange and dangerous adventures were before the student from West Point as soon as he appeared at his first post. He must be in instant readiness both day and night to go out with a troop, or perhaps only part of a troop, on a hunt after the savages. Whenever the word should be brought that their track had been discovered, without

delay a company of soldiers — twenty, forty, or sixty of them perhaps — must spring on their horses' backs and ride out in search of the red men. A quantity of food large enough to last ten days was kept always packed, ready to be bound on the backs of mules to go with the expedition. Each man also had close at his hand a blanket and a goodly supply of ammunition to carry with him.

Then, at a sudden word, the chosen party of soldiers would ride out into the wilderness. Over sandy deserts they would go, where only the sharp-leaved cactus could grow, and where water might not be found in a long day's journey. Through high-walled canyons they might have to urge the tired feet of their horses, over sharp-edged rocks, or up steep and winding mountain trails. The sun's hot rays made the sands of the desert burn like fire and send up such waves of heat that the ears and faces of the horsemen would crack open in long lines. Lack of water through many hours would make throats and

mouths so dry that the men could scarcely shape words upon their lips.

Then, too, there was ever danger of sudden attack from the enemy. The Indians knew how to cover themselves with grass and feathers and brush so well that they might be concealed from the sight of the white men, though close at hand. Moreover, they could live a long time, if need be, on barren mountain slopes, by feeding on field mice and the juice of a certain kind of cactus. Many of them were so strong that they could run one hundred miles during a single day.

It was no easy task, therefore, that brave General Miles, who had charge of the campaign against the Apaches, had in hunting them down and making them surrender. But he succeeded after a while, and there was once more peace in that part of the country. Before that peace came, however, General Miles had discovered what a good helper he had in Lieutenant Pershing. He once openly complimented him for marching his troops with pack train over

rough country one hundred and forty miles in forty-six hours, bringing in every man and animal in good condition.

Let us hear what another officer who spent many years in the Apache country had to say about Pershing.

“In those days,” so the officer declared, “when a youngster joined a regiment he was not expected to express himself in military matters until he had had some little experience. But there was a certain something in Pershing’s appearance and manner which made him an exception to the rule. Within a very short time after he came to the post, a senior officer would turn to him and say, ‘Pershing, what do you think of this?’ And his opinion was such that we always listened to it.”

The same officer also said, “We all learned to respect and like him. He was genial and full of fun. No matter what the work or what the play, he always took a willing and leading part.”

After peace had been made sure in the Apache country Lieutenant Pershing was

sent to other posts where there was plenty of work for the soldiers scouting among hostile tribes.

Many an exciting adventure had Pershing during his life in the Southwest. Many a daring deed he did. He took part in many a scouting expedition filled with danger. He directed the setting up of signal stations through wild stretches of country where the red men might be hiding ready to attack behind any little hillock or clump of bushes.

During those years he was constantly training his eyes so that on the instant they would take in every little detail of the wilderness over which he might be riding ever so fast. He also became so skilled in shooting that he won both silver and bronze medals from the United States Government for being an unusual marksman—and this within five years after he had graduated from West Point.

Towards the end of 1890, word spread that the Indians of the Northwest were gathering together to make a big fight against the

white men. The settlers in that part of the country were filled with terror.

There were several reasons for this Indian uprising. They were short of food; many of them were suffering from hunger; the supplies the United States Government had promised them were slow in coming; the game was scanty.

Furthermore, some one among them started a strange story that made them believe they could easily conquer the white men. The Savior was coming back to earth, — not to the proud and prosperous white men whom many of the Indians hated; but to the Indians who looked upon themselves as poor and cruelly treated. The glad time was close at hand, so the story ran, when the Savior would come to them out of the West, driving the wild creatures they liked to hunt before Him. Once more the deer, the antelope, and the buffalo would wander over the plains nearby, and the red men's heaven, the Happy Hunting Grounds, would be on earth in their midst.

It would be easy, they were told, to destroy the American soldiers who might be sent against them. They themselves would be safe against the white men's bullets if only each one wore a shirt with the head of a buffalo painted on it.

So the poor ignorant creatures banded together for fierce attack, while American troops were directed to hasten against them from different parts of the country. Pershing, now a second lieutenant, was ordered with the Sixth Cavalry to leave New Mexico for the Northwest at once.

But the life was to be quite different from that of New Mexico. There he had to suffer from great heat and thirst while riding over the deserts and among deep canyons. Now — it was midwinter when he reached the new scouting-grounds — he must bear the most biting cold. Many a time he must sleep at night on the snow, in the clothes he had worn all day, after riding against bitter winds for many hours. He must ford rivers filled with cakes of floating ice.

Ah! but the young lieutenant enjoyed

the wild, hard life full of adventure. It made him strong in body; it roused his courage; it increased his will. When he was a boy at school and on the farm, if he set his will to do anything, that thing was done. So now, in this life of danger in the wilderness, he was determined to do his best, and that best was accomplished.

After a while the principal Indian chiefs saw it was of no use to hold out against the powerful white men, and made peace. Most of the troops were then sent to other places. Pershing's company, however, was kept for some time longer in that part of the country to protect the settlers.

His adventures in the Indian country won him strong praise from his superior officer, Colonel Carr. He saw that Pershing knew how to hold his men and was quick in understanding. Among other things in praise of him the Colonel said afterwards that he was "bright, active and energetic."

During those years of wild adventure he won the love of his soldiers for his thoughtful care of them, as well as for his wise leader-

ship. The men in his company will always remember the day he looked after them so carefully when they were out on the open prairie, far from any settlement, and a blizzard was about to burst upon the country.

After the camp had been quickly made, the tents pegged down tightly to resist the oncoming gale and drifting snow, and the horses picketed, Pershing went about to see that all his men were as safe as possible. The cold was so terrible that he decided fires would be needed to keep the men from freezing during the approaching hurricane. So he gave the order to a sergeant named Stevenson for them to gather wood which he had discovered along a near-by railroad track.

“And be sure,” he added, “to tell them to tie towels over their mouths and noses before they leave their tents. This wind is blowing so hard that a man can’t get his breath unless he’s muffled.”

The sergeant, telling of this afterwards, said: “That’s the sort of officer Pershing

was, always thinking about his men, and that's why the men would do anything for him."

After many rough years of Indian scouting, Lieutenant Pershing went to the University of Nebraska to be military instructor. There he quickly showed himself to be a remarkably fine teacher and leader of the students in his charge. He also studied law and received the degree of Bachelor of Laws, which he had dreamed of winning in his boyhood.

In the year 1897 he went to West Point to be an instructor there.

Before very long, however—it was in 1898—the Spanish War took place, and he was sent with the American troops to the West Indies. He went as a first lieutenant in a negro regiment. There in Cuba he fought so bravely that the colonel of his regiment said of him: "I have been in many fights and was all through the Civil War, but on my word he is the bravest and coolest man under fire I ever saw in my life."

Pershing was next sent to the Philippine Islands which were ceded to the United States at the close of the war. It fell to him to lead troops against the fiercest tribe there — the savage Moros who took pride in cutting off the heads of their enemies and afterwards keeping them about their homes as prizes.

The Moros were driven from one place to another. At last they took a stand in the crater of a sleeping volcano. "Here we are safe," thought the savages. "The white men cannot scale the steep slopes of this mountain."

But Pershing and his men *did* scale those slopes, and when near the edge of the crater they cut a path through the jungle around the mountain top.

Thus the Moros were hemmed in. They must starve to death or surrender. They surrendered.

Pershing remained in Moro Province for several years as commander of American troops stationed there, and as its governor. During that time President Roosevelt, with

wise, far-seeing eyes, was watching his work from distant America.

"Pershing is an unusual commander," the President decided. "He deserves promotion." Accordingly Roosevelt raised him to the high rank of brigadier-general.

In 1905 a war was going on between Russia and Japan. There were lessons to learn on the battle fields of those nations. So it came about that Pershing went to Manchuria where he was stationed with Commander Kuroki, watching the methods of Japanese warfare.

A few years later trouble arose between the United States and Mexico. Mexican bandits kept coming over the border of this country, taking the settlers by surprise, raiding their homes, and killing innocent people. The worst and most dangerous of these bandits was the half-breed Villa, a cruel, savage man with many followers.

Villa must be pursued and caught if the people living on the borderland were to be made safe, so the United States Govern-

ment decided. But what commander was best fitted to lead the troops to be sent after him? The country of northern Mexico was very wild: there were steep mountains, and deep dangerous canyons, and stretches of burning deserts. Moreover, the leader must be wise and cool-headed and must understand the ways of Indian fighting.

The question was quickly answered: no one was so well fitted for the high post as John Joseph Pershing.

He quickly proved that the choice was a good one. Through his wise command the trouble with Mexico soon came to an end, and the settlers on the borderland once more felt safe. But during General Pershing's stay there a terrible sorrow came to him. Some years before he had married the daughter of United States Senator Warren. He loved his wife deeply, as well as the little children who had come to them — three daughters and one son, and it was hard for him to have them so far away from him. He managed after a while to have a little home down near the borderland made

ready for their coming so that he might be with them when not in active work.

Sad to say, just as all was prepared, news came to the General that his wife and daughters had been burned to death in San Francisco. Only the son was saved.

Great must have been the General's suffering. To an old friend in Laclede, he wrote of his loss that it took more than mortal courage to continue in the work his country had given him to do. Nevertheless, he did continue, and he performed that work faithfully though his heart was sorely aching.

In the meantime the Great War was raging across the ocean. One frightful deed after another had been committed by the Germans — some of them so horrible that many American people could not believe it possible for them to be true.

Before long things happened, the truth of which could not be questioned. Bombs were being sent out from airplanes, striking and killing defenseless people far from the field of war, — yes, even upon hospitals where lay the sick and the dying. And

there were attacks by submarines on ships carrying passengers who had no thought of taking part in the war. The ships were sunk without warning, and the people went down to sudden and dreadful death.

Among these cruel deeds was the sinking of the beautiful steamer, the *Lusitania*. She was carrying hundreds of happy, innocent people across the Atlantic. In an instant their joy changed to horror. A torpedo from a submarine had struck the ship, and she went down to the depths of the ocean without time for her passengers to escape on lifeboats.

The Germans were not satisfied even with their air raids, their submarines, and the mighty engines of war they used on the battle fields. They invented a deadly poison gas which was sent out without warning against the armies of the Allies. As it went sweeping on its way, it brought suffocation and death in its train.

The time came at last — the war had been going on for more than two years then —

when the whole United States was roused by what had been happening.

“This is not like any war that has ever happened before,” cried one after another. “We cannot stand back and watch any longer. We must join the Allies and make *war upon war*. The cause is Right against Might. We shall win because in the end Right always does win.”

After thus deciding, there were many questions to answer. Would the United States do her part by sending needed supplies of food and ammunition to her Allies? What else could she send across the wide Atlantic? Would it be possible to send an army too, when all the soldiers must be carried in ships with constant danger of attack by submarines? This last did not at first seem possible. Besides, there was only a small number of troops in the whole country. Men of this peaceful land would have to be trained a long time before they could be of any use in the terrible warfare that was going on.

But alas! the British and French troops

were very weary from long, hard fighting. Tens of thousands of them had already been killed. Other tens of thousands had been wounded or been made ill from suffering. The Russians, who had fought bravely at first, had made a disgraceful peace with Germany. The Italian army was brave but small, and was kept busy resisting Germany's allies, the Austrians.

If America did her part, she must raise a big army, and it must cross the Atlantic. Furthermore, it must have a strong, wise, brave commander. That commander, it was quickly seen, must be General Pershing.

No time was lost, once the mind of the American people was made up. A few weeks afterwards General Pershing was crossing the ocean on the way to France.

As he paced the deck of the steamer, "a slim, trim, grim man," as an onlooker described him, he had much to think of since few of the soldiers he was to lead knew anything about war. The number of "regulars" was small. One, two, three, perhaps even four or five millions of American

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soldiers might be needed before Germany should be conquered. They must be trained, and trained quickly, for the most terrible kinds of fighting, — in the trenches, with the bayonet, against the deadly poison gas. Some of the training could be done in cantonments in the United States. Still more must follow after the men reached France.

Moreover, when they fought, it would be in a strange land far from their loved ones. They would have to resist not only the Huns, but homesickness. They must, therefore, be kept as happy and comfortable as possible. The wise leader had all these things to consider. He must prepare himself and the army that was being formed for the great undertaking before him and them.

On the eighth day of June, 1917, he landed at Liverpool, England. As he stepped on shore he was greeted by a British general with a guard of honor. At the same moment the band of an English regiment began to play the "Star Spangled Banner." It was a glorious welcome, speaking to the new-

comer of England's happiness in receiving the man who represented her sister country and friend, the United States.

From Liverpool, Pershing went on to London where King George and Queen Mary, and high officers in the British army and navy treated him with great honor.

But he could not tarry long even in the greatest city in the world. He felt that he must hurry over to France to plan for the coming of his army. When he arrived there the excitement of the people was even greater than in England.

"I salute the United States of America which has now become united with the United States of Europe," General Dumas, one of the French commanders, said to Pershing when he greeted him at Boulogne.

It was an historic moment, as Pershing declared afterwards: for the first time an American in uniform had come to Europe to help in defending it against an enemy.

Long lines of soldiers were drawn up in the French city in honor of the guest. As Pershing looked at these men he was deeply

touched; not fresh and light-hearted soldiers were they; but grim and war-worn because they had seen long, hard fighting. Yes, the need was great. The American commander must show himself equal to the immense work before him.

From Boulogne he hastened to Paris. Never since the war began had a visitor there received such a welcome as the great American. Ranks upon ranks of soldiers flanked the streets for many blocks. The doorways and windows, the balconies and housetops were filled with people to see Pershing as he rode past. Tens of thousands of men, women, and children were waving the American flag and shouting "Long live America!" Bands were playing the "Marseillaise" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Among the great Frenchmen who greeted the American were Marshal Joffre and General Foch.

Why was there such excitement at the presence of one man? Because John Joseph Pershing stood to those watching thousands for America herself — rich, beau-

tiful America — who would send food to the hungry, arms to the soldiers and, if need be, millions of brave men to fight for right against might.

While Pershing was in Paris he visited the tomb of Napoleon, with General Joffre as his escort. There an honor fell to him that had never before been bestowed upon any man. The sword of Napoleon was taken from its case and placed in his hands that he might kiss the hilt. The cross of the Legion of Honor, which had once been Napoleon's, was also placed in his hands.

The next day after this visit a great reception was given by the people of Paris to Pershing and Joffre. As the two generals stood on a balcony looking down at the excited crowds, a young girl below suddenly cried out: "Long live Joffre who saved us from defeat! Long live Pershing who brings us victory!" At these words the wildest cheering burst forth from the multitude.

In his short stay in the city every possible minute of Pershing's time was filled up

with dinner parties, a visit to the Senate, a delightful lunch with Joffre, and ceremonies of various kinds. The American commander also went to the tomb of Lafayette, the noble Frenchman who had long ago come to the aid of America in the darkest hours of the Revolution. Reverently Pershing placed a wreath of roses on the tomb, with joy in his heart that his own loved country was about to pay the debt she had long owed France.

But time was pressing as important work had to be done, — the biggest job that ever faced a soldier. So, as soon as possible, Pershing set up his headquarters, with Joffre and Foch to help him make plans for his part in the war. One hundred thousand soldiers would soon be in France. These would be followed by others.

To begin with, airplanes, tanks, and artillery in great quantities must be provided, as well as the food and clothing that must be brought across the Atlantic in abundance for the men who were arriving by tens of thousands.

All these things had to be considered and planned for. General Pershing also gave much thought to ways for keeping his soldiers happy and contented. When not busy in the camps and trenches they must be entertained. Ministers of the Gospel must also be at hand to give them comfort when lonely or ill. The Red Cross must be helped in every way to do its noble work most successfully.

Training camps were soon set up for the American soldiers, where they were to learn their A, B, C's in European warfare. So fast they learned there that they astonished their teachers. Wonderful to tell, scarcely a year passed before they showed themselves, under the skilful direction of their commander, ready to fight like veterans of war.

For many months, however, they were not fitted to meet the German foe as one united army. In the meantime their spirit to win grew ever stronger. So did their longing to get into the fight and show what American men could do in the cause of justice.

With Pershing at their head how could they help longing to get into the fight? Had he not said: "Germany can be beaten. Germany must be beaten. Germany *will* be beaten"? It was for them to show themselves valiant soldiers as quickly as possible. It was for them also to trust in God as their commander bade them. It was for them, Pershing's army, to be an honor to their country which had never before fought for anything but freedom, and it was to fight through them for freedom now.

And yet, during Pershing's first year in France, there was much to make him heavy in heart. In the spring of 1918 the sky looked blacker than ever. The British army was thrown back. Then, rushing furiously on, the Germans made their way towards Paris, the heart of France. Full well their leaders knew they had no time to lose. American troops were arriving in the country by tens — by hundreds — of thousands. It must be now or never. Six months later — perhaps three even — the Huns would fail before the onslaught of immense new armies.

Now! No delay then! Day after day therefore the Hun pressed on. Nearer and nearer they came to Paris! At last only thirty-nine miles kept them from their goal. The roar of battle could be heard in the streets of the great city. Shells from long-distance guns were already destroying its buildings. Airplanes were hurling bombs down upon its citizens each night.

A few days more! The Germans smiled grimly as they thought of what was to happen then. Surrender of the Allies! Glorious victory for themselves!

Then suddenly came a change. A division of American troops which included Marines was rushed to the front. There was a gap there in the French lines, and they were to pour in and fill it. On they hurried to the battle ground, packed together in trucks and cattle cars, when there was no better way of getting there.

When they reached the danger point the French commander bade them turn back. He thought they were too late to give help.

But they and their brave leader did not

listen. They dashed forward with wild yells. Into the very teeth of the monster machine guns they rushed, armed only with their rifles and bayonets.

“Don’t go in this direction. There are the boches with machine guns,” shouted some French soldiers who felt they were on the way to certain death.

“That’s where we want to go. That’s where we’ve come three thousand miles to go,” was the answer hurled back.

Great was the surprise of the Germans, already sure of victory, to meet men like these — fierce, careless of life beyond any they had ever known. So this was the kind of fighting they were to expect from Americans! At the thought fear entered their hearts.

When the fight ended many of that brave division had lost their lives. But the enemy had been checked in its march towards Paris! The tide had turned! A path to victory had opened!

All over France the story traveled. Everywhere there was the wildest joy. Gloom

had vanished. Men and women, boys and girls, talked of the brave Americans who had saved the day. And more were crossing the ocean — hundreds of thousands more! France would be saved through their coming. The whole world was to be saved.

When Marshal Foch was made commander-in-chief of the armies of the Allies, no one was more pleased than General Pershing. He saw that the war could be carried on with quicker success if there were one head for all. Gladly he put his own army under Foch's direction.

The great Frenchman had begun to see what stuff that army was made of. When six weeks after the fighting at Château-Thierry and Belleau Woods, he began the Great Drive to final victory, he ordered a large part of the attacking force to be made up of Americans. He also placed American troops in the center of the line that would keep back any possible approach of the enemy towards Paris. It was the place of honor.

From that day in July till the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of November the drive, once started, kept up without stop. With new life, with new strength, with new hope, the armies of the Allies kept pushing the Huns eastward over the land they believed they had made their own. And none fought more gloriously than the American troops fired by the spirit of John Joseph Pershing, the coolest and bravest of leaders. He had made his men like himself.

The first time they fought as a united body, Marshal Foch set a great task for them to do. They were to drive out the powerful German army from that part of the country called the St. Mihiel salient. The Huns had held it from almost the beginning of the war. It was strongly fortified. "Rock-bottomed and steel-ribbed" it has been described. Behind it lay the powerful fortress of Metz. Moreover, those young, little-tried Americans were given ten days in which to accomplish the task. Under their cool, wise, brave leader, John Joseph Pershing, who had unbounded faith in them,

they succeeded, and succeeded so thoroughly and quickly as to astonish the whole world. They had been given ten days, remember. They did their work in *thirty hours!*

From that time on the Huns were pressed back so fast that they were kept in constant confusion. They failed to get their supplies and ammunition as regularly as they should. Thousands upon thousands were killed and taken prisoners. They lost courage. They grew weak with fear of the terrible new army — the American army — that was upon them.

Then came the day that brought gladness to many millions of people — the day when Germany begged for an end to the bitter fighting — the day when the fighting stopped at eleven o'clock in the morning.

“I am glad I was in at the finish with Pershing,” was the common thought that day of tens of thousands of American soldiers. They had suffered many things — cold and hunger and pain and loneliness. They had met dangers too terrible to describe. But under their strong, wise leader

they had fought without flinching. With their help right had overcome might.

And their commander, who has since said of them, "Their deeds are immortal, and they have earned the eternal gratitude of our country" — how did he feel when the good fight was finished? As the long line of bonfires burned along the borders of "No Man's Land" that night of November 11, telling the world in words of flame that the blackness of war was at an end, Pershing's heart must have been filled with joy that his great task was so nobly finished, and the cause of justice and freedom was triumphant.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

The Man of Iron Will

LET us think back a little way, say to the summer of 1917. Let us pretend we are leaving our beautiful United States and crossing the Atlantic. The sky is clear and blue. The breeze is gentle. The big steamer scarcely rocks, so smooth are the waters. Yet we feel danger about us everywhere. Anxiously we turn our eyes in every direction, as we watch for the periscope of a dreaded submarine. Several times during the voyage we bind our life preservers about us, so that we may know exactly what to do in case of sudden attack.

Days pass, and we find ourselves safe at last on the coast of France. Once more we step on dry land, and journey inland.

We become excited as we realize that we are drawing nearer and nearer the fighting zone of the greatest war the world has ever known. We think of the men gathered from

all parts of the earth to join the Allies against the enemies of justice and freedom, — tall strong men from Australia and New Zealand; black men from Africa; solemn-faced Hindus from India; Canadians firm of will and big of heart. All these are fighting side by side with the home-sons of their mother country — Great Britain. Here, too, are millions of Frenchmen whose hearts are afire with faith in victory, though their bodies are well-nigh worn out. And with them, at last, are the fearless troops from our own United States, also filled with courage and the belief that right will triumph.

We are moving now in a motor car over broad highways. We meet and pass many other cars containing men in uniform who, it may be, are officers on the way to the front to lead their men into battle, or else returning from dangerous posts. The roaring of the guns many, many miles away reaches our ears. It makes us shiver.

Long ammunition trains and motor trucks laden with provisions pass us by constantly, since the millions of men who are fighting



Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig

must be kept supplied with shot and shell to meet the attack of the enemy, and also be furnished daily with plenty of nourishing food.

Ah! here is a train of ambulances. It travels slowly because the wounded men within must be jarred as little as possible.

During our stay in this part of the country we wish to look in upon the French and American commanders at their headquarters. But now, our guide tells us, we happen to be but a short distance from Great Britain's war center. Its chief, Sir Douglas Haig, is there. Would we not like to pay him a flying visit?

"By all means," we answer.

Consequently, a little way farther on, we turn into a side road lined with tall poplar trees.

We travel for several miles along this road. Then at last we enter the grounds of a cheerful-looking country house. English sentries, guarding the gate, make us halt. They must assure themselves we mean no harm.

When they have been satisfied, we pass them by and enter the lovely grounds. Old-fashioned gardens and shade trees welcome us.

We enter the house and meet a number of men in the greenish-drab uniform of British officers. They are here on important business — to talk over plans of war with their commander-in-chief.

These officers pass in and out of a large room used as the office of Chief Marshal Haig. In other parts of the building are the offices of his helpers. As we listen, we hear the busy click-click of the telephone. No doubt it is sending messages to the battle lines, giving orders that mean life or death to thousands of brave young soldiers.

As the door of the big room opens we pass inside. What a strange-looking place it is! In the middle stretches a long raised map made of gray and green clay. We notice a network of red lines cutting across it in different directions.

The man in front of the map, who is none

other than Field Marshal Haig himself, is studying it carefully! How graceful and handsome he is! At first we think only of this.

But almost immediately we say to ourselves, "What a strong man he is! What power in the firm mouth and chin! How keen are those steel-blue eyes!"

As we study Haig's appearance, we decide that he looks all that a great commander should. He is "every inch a soldier," as those who know him agree.

He is dressed in a uniform of khaki. Across his heart are fastened many ribbons and decorations, each one telling of battles in which he has taken part with honor and of victories he has won. He wears high polished boots, and at his sides silver spurs rattle as he moves his legs. When he rises from his chair and steps forward to greet us, his gait is that of a man who has spent much of his time in the saddle.

He is quiet and even shy in his manner, this general who has seen much of war. He is pleasant and kindly, but when he turns his

clear blue eyes upon us, we feel that they pierce us through and through, and we would not like to vex him.

And now he turns back to his work, studying the map of war and planning a campaign that shall help in bringing success to the Allies. Every little hill and dale in the country where his troops are stationed is shown on the map in front of him. This very hour he knows what is happening there. The telephone, the telegraph, and wireless messages from airplanes flying above the battle keep him posted. As he listens, he changes his plans and sends out new orders. From this quiet room, therefore, strange as it may seem, he can guide his men at the front better than if he were in their midst, because here he can have a clear view of what is taking place in all directions. Truly, war to-day is strange and wonderful, as well as terrible.

As we look at this brave, strong man, it is difficult for us to think that once upon a time — it was in the year 1861 — he was a helpless baby in his nurse's arms. The home of

little Douglas was in Cameronbridge, in the county of Fife, on the eastern coast of Scotland. Fields of flax with its delicate blue flowers lay in the country around him. Like one of those tiny blossoms the fair-haired, blue-eyed baby might have seemed to his parents. Later on, as he grew into a strong sturdy boy, and then into a man of steady will, he could be likened to the linen made from the flax of Scotland, which is strong and enduring, and greatly to be desired for the service which it gives.

The boy Douglas was faithful in his studies. So, when he was found to do well in school, it was decided that he should go next to the great University of Oxford in England.

After the young Scotchman had settled down to his studies in Oxford, his mates soon came to admire him. To be sure, he did not talk much. He was shy and not what they could call, "chummy." They did not feel as free to chaff him as they did most of their fellows. He did not enter freely into all of their sports. But he

“meant business,” — that was sure. Moreover, he did enjoy one sport — that of riding horseback.

Every afternoon he could be seen riding along the beautiful country roads on his big gray horse. Many a time a group of students would stop their talk to watch him as he went.

“There goes young Haig,” some one would say. “He’s going to be a soldier.”

Indeed, it was during the years at Oxford that Douglas Haig made up his mind to take a soldier’s training and enter the army. In no other work would he be satisfied, he felt quite sure.

In those college days, he took part in many a fox hunt. The excitement of the chase gave him keen delight. He rode so well that, as he flew over the ground, jumping fences, leaping ditches, springing suddenly now to this side, now to that, it seemed as if he and his horse were one.

When Douglas Haig had graduated from college and entered the 7th Hussars, he was twenty-four years old.

“Rather late to enter upon the training of a soldier,” many might say. Let us see.

But now something happened which seemed likely to change young Haig’s plans and dash his hopes. When he was examined by the medical board he was told he could not enter the staff college because he was found to be color-blind. A very bad thing indeed for the success of a soldier, it certainly seemed. Many another young man had been denied military training on this account. So it was with him.

But he would not give up hope. The Duke of Cambridge, the commander-in-chief, believed he showed promise and came to his aid.

“Let him be admitted,” he said.

Of course the word of so great a man as the commander-in-chief must be heeded, and Douglas Haig started out with great delight on the path he had chosen. From now on everything went well.

In the year 1898 there was much trouble in Africa, in the country of the Sudan lying

south of Egypt. Wild tribes there were at war with one another and on neighboring Egypt. Moreover, the most cruel slavery of black people was going on in the Sudan, — innocent natives were being tortured and put to death. The lives of people were not safe. There was no one wise and powerful enough either in Sudan or Egypt to rule over the country there and carry out laws for the good of all.

“Will you not send soldiers to help us?” the Egyptian ruler asked Great Britain.

“Yes,” came the answer.

Now, among the troops who boarded the transport bound for Africa was the Scotchman of iron will, Douglas Haig. He was starting out on an adventure filled with danger, he well knew. He would soon find himself in a wild country in which there were lawless, passionate men who knew little of the ways of civilized people. He must suffer from great heat, because the Sudan lies but a short distance from the equator. He would be likely to march through damp, hot marshland with the air laden with fever,

and the tangle beneath his feet the hiding place of poisonous snakes.

Thoughts of these things had no terror for Douglas Haig. He was to gain experience in actual fighting, — that was enough.

After he had arrived in the Sudan he came upon many new and strange sights. There were long trains of camels coming down into the country from the desert of the Sahara farther north. There were strange villages here and there in the wilderness where the best-made homes were only rough, thatched huts. There were people unlike any he had seen before, with dark skins and fierce eyes, and with gay-colored turbans wound around their heads to protect them from the burning rays of the sun. But there was a city even in this wild country of the Dark Continent — Khartoum was its name — to which a railroad had been built from the city of Cairo in Egypt; and here in Khartoum Douglas Haig found that many of the inventions of white people had been set up.

Hunters often entered Khartoum, bringing the tusks of elephants they had killed in the

African wilderness. The ivory which they sold to the traders would be sent to distant countries. So, too, would the thousands of ostrich feathers brought by the natives of the surrounding country, and large bags of dates gathered from the palm trees of neighboring lands.

You can easily guess, however, what was of most interest to the man from Fife: it was that here in the Sudan he was to take part in actual fighting. He was to do his part as a British soldier in teaching the wild chiefs of the Sudan what law means. He was to help in putting an end to the wicked slavery of men, women, and children.

Douglas Haig was not disappointed. He took part in many a fierce fight under the great General Kitchener who commanded the expedition. He showed himself without fear. General Kitchener began to take notice of him and made him his friend. This quiet man of strong will, the general had discovered, was no common soldier.

While Haig was in the Sudan he was in the thick of the fighting at Atbara and Khar-

toum, and acted so bravely that he received a medal from the British Government and was made a brevet major on account of his services there.

Now, after the troubles in the Sudan had been settled, he was sent to South Africa to take part in the Boer War.

The Boers were people whose ancestors had come from far Holland to settle in South Africa. In this new home they had started farms and sheep ranches, and as they needed more workmen, they had made slaves of the negroes who lived in the country around them. A few of the Boers did not think it right to hold slaves, and asked their English friends to send soldiers to put a stop to the slave trade.

An army was soon on its way to the Transvaal, the country of the Boers, and in it was Major Haig. He soon became chief of staff for General French, much older than himself and a long-tried soldier. He fought in one battle after another and became noted for his bravery.

Before the war came to an end he had won

for himself the long title of deputy-assistant-adjutant-general, and he went back to England with medals which he had won in the campaign shining upon his breast.

What did the soldiers who had fought with this daring companion in the Sudan and South Africa have to say of him afterwards to their friends? Little indeed, except words like these:

“We don’t know much about him except that he ‘made good’ wherever he was placed.” Then perhaps some one would add: “He came from Fife, you know. So he never talked much.”

Indeed, while Haig’s fellow soldiers could not help admiring him, he spoke so little, and was so quiet and almost shy, that few felt acquainted with him.

There is one story, however, that the men who fought with Haig in India like to tell. It shows how different he was from many of the soldiers around him. Unlike them, he did not drink strong liquor, or swear, or play cards for money. He had been brought up to obey the Ten Commandments and love the

church. The Bible was to him, therefore, his most precious possession.

One day, at a very exciting time in the war, so the story goes, he had to move with his troops very rapidly from one place to another. When he came to a standstill, the quartermaster noticed that Haig's face looked much troubled as his eyes turned first in one direction, then in another.

"Have you lost anything?" he asked.

"Yes, my Bible," was the solemn reply.

What was before this young officer now that there was no more fighting to do? There was plenty of work still; he was soon made a director of military training at the War Office.

He did not remain long at this post, but was sent on a long journey to the other side of the world. There, in India, which was ruled over by Great Britain, British troops were always stationed to keep the country in order, and Major General Haig was to be Director General there for the next three years.

As he rode about through the country he

looked upon many interesting sights, vastly different from what Africa had shown him. He passed temples to strange gods, richly decorated with gold and jewels; he met native princes in gorgeous robes; he saw elephants moving along the roads with stately tread.

During the General's stay in India he spent much time in reviewing the British troops whose business it was to keep order in that strange land, and prevent different chiefs from leading their tribes against each other.

In the year 1905 General Haig married an English lady, the Honorable Dorothy Vivian, a chosen attendant of Queen Alexandra; and in course of time little children were born to the busy officer and his wife.

So faithfully did he serve England in his charge of the cavalry in India that in 1909 he was made chief of staff. In that post he continued till 1912, receiving much praise for his careful training of the men under him.

Then back to England he sailed to become commander of the principal military camp there. No one saw more clearly than he that British soldiers must be trained well, for ahead of them there might be hard work, which would need the greatest skill.

As it happened, General Haig had visited Germany years before. While there he had noticed the care taken in the training of German soldiers. He had also noticed many preparations being made that would render it possible for Germany to fight if war should break out. At the same time he saw the love of power of the German people, and how that power could grow if the country gained new possessions. She had already taken Alsace-Lorraine away from France. What might she not do next?

When this clear-eyed general returned to England, he said, "A war with the Kaiser will surely come. We must prepare ourselves for it."

Did those who heard him heed his words? No, they believed there could be no possible danger. Why, it was foolish to consider

such a thing, they declared. England wanted to be at peace with other nations, and without doubt they had the same wish for themselves.

So the years passed, and Great Britain made no preparations, while Germany went steadily on, making her armies better trained and her forts stronger. At the same time German inventors were preparing more deadly weapons than ever known before to bring destruction upon those to whom their country might not feel friendly.

At last, in the year 1914, the Great War burst upon the world. Few besides General Haig had discovered the shadow of its coming.

From his post at the Training School of Aldershot he heard that little Belgium, through being faithful to her word, was in sore danger. Hordes of Germans, on their way to France, had broken in upon her peaceful fields. They had started out well-prepared. They believed that by marching through Belgium, they could easily reach Paris. With Paris conquered, the whole of

France would quickly be theirs. Then how easy it would be to cross the English Channel and bring Great Britain to kneel at Germany's feet.

And then, with Great Britain's ships-of-war made powerless to help, the German troops would cross the ocean and invade the United States. How simple it seemed to the war-lords of Germany to make the whole civilized world their prize.

Not a moment must be lost. All of Sir Douglas Haig's countrymen agreed with him as to this. The British soldiers must be banded together without delay to cross over to the mainland and meet the onrush of the Germans.

Unfortunately, the brave youths of Great Britain were not prepared for the terrible conflict ahead. Yet the men who made up "the contemptible little English army," as the Germans scornfully spoke of it, *were* prepared to do the best they could. Two Army Corps were made ready with all possible speed to go to the rescue of France and Belgium. They were in charge of Lord

French to whom, as you remember, Douglas Haig had been the right-hand man while fighting in South Africa.

General Haig was made commander of one of the army corps, which held a large part of the cavalry. He was soon in the thick of the fighting — more terrible than any he had ever dreamed of before. Now he had a chance to show what he had learned in past years. He also had the chance to show what kind of soldier the County of Fife could still produce — how strong and steady of nerve, how full of courage a man's heart could be.

The first months of the war were among the hardest of all for that brave First Corps. There could be no let-up, if they were not to give way before the onrushing Germans.

“Our foes must be driven back across the Marne, if they are not to win speedy victory,” the British commander-in-chief, General French, saw clearly, as did General Joffre, commander of the French army. But alas! the German army was vastly larger than the number of English and

French troops which could be brought against them.

“What of that! Victory lies in the will,” thought Haig, who was still General French’s right-hand man.

Always believing in success, he kept up the courage of his men so that each one among them strove to act as a hero should, and was ready to attack anew when he caught sight of the “man of iron” who commanded them. Haig forgot himself entirely at such times. He only saw the need of checking the course of the terrible, heartless foes.

Let us look at the soldiers of the Allies for a moment, as they were fighting the first battle of Ypres, when the invaders were determined to push on till they reached the seacoast of Belgium. Many times their number were the Germans, and with the military training of years.

The British troops had to be drawn out in places into the thinnest of lines. Against them were heavy masses of the enemy. Yet with Haig as leader they dared death hour

after hour. They must bring glory to him and to their country.

Had not Lord French given the command, "You must hold"? And was not Haig, the man of dauntless will, with the First Corps that day, when more men were so sorely needed that even cooks turned from the preparations for dinner, and orderlies left their usual camp duties to join the fighters in the trenches? The fighting was terrible and bloody, but under the brave man of Fife the enemy were checked. Henceforth that First Corps would be known as the "Iron Brigade." The leader had made his men like himself — men of iron.

In the midst of the battle, down the shadowy road of death, rode a horseman with shrieking shells bursting about him, and men dying from sudden wounds on every hand. Yet he moved as calmly and peacefully as if out for pleasant exercise on a holiday.

At sight of their commander the weakest-hearted of his men returned to the fight. His straight figure, dressed as carefully as

for parade, his strong chin, his fearless, blue-gray eyes all said: "Now is the time, — now, *now*, to dare your utmost."

The presence of Douglas Haig no doubt turned the fortunes of the British that day. The German army was stopped in its course. It failed to reach the coast across which lay England. It had been checked through the will of an army many times smaller than itself. And the will of that army was made strong and steady through the will of the man from Fife.

Only a few days after that ride, every moment of which was filled with danger, General Haig had a very narrow escape from death. He had just left headquarters to examine the lines of troops. He left behind him his staff officers. Suddenly a shell sent out by the Germans burst in their midst. Almost all the officers gathered there were killed or wounded. But their chief who had been with them so short a time before had escaped.

"A lucky dog," his men called him when they heard of what had happened.

But this was not the first narrow escape the great general had had in his life. Years before, in South Africa, he had been saved a number of times almost by accident, as some might say. But not so! He had work ahead — a great work that only he might do — and death had to stand back before him.

From the beginning of the war the commander-in-chief's report gave great praise to General Haig. He wrote of the skilful way in which he had directed the First Corps when his troops had to retreat from Mons. It was in the blackness of night. If one wrong move had been made, they would have become powerless in the hands of an enemy far greater in number than themselves. But General Haig made the *right* move, and when morning came the First Corps had reached a place of safety.

Soon afterwards, at the Aisne, the bold, clear-headed leader got his troops into such a commanding position that General French was able to make a stand there for over

three weeks, though the attacks of the enemy were very fierce.

Eighteen months of bitter warfare passed. Many were the daring, skilful deeds of General Haig during that time.

But the war was not going as well for the Allies as they wished. Many people had begun to find fault with the British army. They said, "General French is a fine man and a great soldier, but he has made some sad mistakes."

They considered what he had done in the Sudan and in South Africa. There was nothing to be said against his fighting there. He had led his men wisely and gained great victories. But this present war, with its trench fighting, was far different from any other in the history of the world, and the present commander did not seem to understand trench fighting as well as he had understood the battles in the open in Africa.

"Someone else may do better in his place," it was suggested.

Who would do better than General

French? Only one man could be thought of, — General Haig.

And yet, before 1914, this Fifer had never commanded in action a larger body of men than a regiment! Since the Great War opened he had commanded a corps, to be sure. But now to be placed at the head of four millions of men, — to have full charge of the whole British army in France and Flanders! Was it possible for him to succeed?

Every one felt, however, that some change must be made. So the word went forth, "Let Haig have his try."

We know now what his "try" meant in saving the world from the power of the Huns. At the head of the British army General Haig kept on his careful, patient way toward final victory. Victory would come! Oh, yes, he was always sure of this. But not as quickly as some believed and all hoped. The enemy were strong in number. They had large supplies of food and ammunition. And as they did not scorn to treat the sacred agreement with Belgium as a scrap of paper,

so they did not scorn to use unheard-of cruelty in their warfare.

For instance, there was the use of poison gas which was set free to suffocate the armies opposed to them. There were the submarines with which Great Britain's navy had to fight long and faithfully. Other inventions there were — guns of tremendous power, and Zeppelins to raid the air.

In the face of all these terrors the new commander-in-chief pushed steadily on, thinking, planning far ahead. There was the Somme offensive, for instance. Haig was preparing for it through long months.

You know how a mouse makes a way for itself through a strong wall. Bit by bit it nibbles into the wood, a little to-day, and a little more to-morrow, and the next day; and so on, till at last it has worked out a passage through the darkness and into the light.

So it was with the determined Scotchman, and those who watched him came to speak of the "Haig nibble" which was bound in

the end to bring his troops through what seemed the darkness of failure out into the light of success.

So the days and the weeks and the months went by with General Haig steadily at his post. Each morning found him at his desk at nine o'clock, ready to talk over what was happening with the heads of the different departments of the army. On his desk reports were piled up of what had taken place during the night. Every one must be studied, for something might have happened in the hours of darkness which would require an important change in commands.

Thus the time passed till lunch, after which the commander spent a quiet hour by himself. He needed to think over all he had seen and read and heard, and discover if his plans required changing.

Then came a short period of recreation, when Sir Douglas Haig went out for a ride on horseback. No matter how hard it might rain he took this ride, with one or two officers to keep him company. He knew that without the help of outdoor exercise

he might not keep strong in body and clear in mind.

When the ride was ended there were more talks with war leaders in the headquarters office, and fresh news to discuss. Then came a pleasant dinner when the commander-in-chief showed kindly thought for those who gathered around the table with him. Soon afterwards the household settled down for the night's rest.

Could the war-chief always seek rest early like the others? Surely not! Many a night while they were sleeping he must have spent hours studying his maps and aerial photographs, while he planned how best his armies should carry on the fight.

There were many gloomy and dangerous times when the hearts of great numbers of the Allies were heavy. But never would Sir Douglas Haig allow himself to think of anything but final victory. Even when the outlook was very black — it was after the Germans had begun their terrible drive in the spring of 1918 — he kept his men filled with hope and courage.

"The British army must be broken." So the German high command had decided. The great offensive began on March 21. On poured the tremendous German army, spread out in lines extending nearly sixty miles. It drove onward in dense masses, sending forth a deluge of gas. The thunder of its big guns roared through the air for miles around, and gas clouds spread far over the earth.

Haig realized only too well how great was the danger: the army massed against his own was at least twice as large; it also had far greater power of guns. Clear in head and strong of will, however, as always, he gave his commands, even though at times they must be for his men to fall back before the awful drive of the enemy.

Day after day the battle raged — yes, week after week — while fresh divisions of German troops kept arriving to take the places of those which had been shattered.

Weary and worn were the hard-pressed British soldiers now. Yet still they fought with all their might, kept up by the will

and the faith of their leader. Never, in all history, were braver deeds done than by those British troops in the early spring of 1918. Never was a nobler spirit shown than that of the men under Sir Douglas Haig. Never were greater heroes than those inspired by him.

Yet still they were forced back, back, back, till the time came when they must take a stand and strive to hold it to the last man. Around them, outside the fighting lines, was a beautiful world. The sky was of the softest blue. Birds were singing gaily. Cherry and apple orchards were in blossom, filling the air with fragrant odors. The fields were freshly green. It was Sunday, the day that should be one of peace.

But on the wide stretches of the battle ground were darkness and death and the prolonged and awful struggle. To the weary British soldiers an order from their commander had just come.

"Many among us now are tired," he said. "With our back to the wall each one of us must fight to the end."

Tired and worn indeed were those who received that command — so tired and worn that their bodies kept moving only because their wills were strong. With their “back to the wall” — yes, they must hold the thought steady in their tired minds — they must, each one of them, be willing to “fight to the end.”

There were hard and terrible days still before them, but they did not give up; and at last long lines of French troops came marching up the roads to give help, and the deadly purpose of the Germans was never carried out. The iron will of Douglas Haig had kept strong and mighty the will of his soldiers through a time of terrible danger, and the might of will is ever greater than the might of brute force.

Thus the offensive, which the Germans had planned so carefully and in which they had such high hopes, finally ended in failure for them. Then, in July, the Allies, with the aid of American troops, no longer stood merely on defense, but in turn began a fierce and steady attack upon the enemy. Under

that attack the German troops were forced steadily backward over the ground they had taken and, on November 11, 1918, the terrible warfare came to an end. Germany, having lost all hope of success, asked for an armistice and her request was granted.

No longer could the roaring of guns be heard. No longer were men losing their lives in the greatest war of history. No longer did General Haig, patient, untiring, determined, need to study his maps and direct new attacks. Peace was at hand. Now at last, after years of faithful service, he had finished his great task, deserving full well to rest on the laurels he had won.

FERDINAND FOCH

The Savior of the Allies

ONCE upon a time — it was on the fourth of August of the year 1851 — a baby boy, to whom the name Ferdinand was given, was born in the old town of Tarbes in southwestern France. The baby's father, Monsieur Foch, had a position in Tarbes under the government.

The boy grew up strong and healthy, though he was a slender little fellow, and not as tall as some of his playmates of the same age. He had clear eyes of gray-blue which looked directly into the faces of those to whom he spoke. His chin and nose were strong and decided. Though he was quiet he had a "will of his own," as people say.

The boy had two younger brothers, so with his older sister and himself there were four happy children in the family. They were carefully trained in religious teachings, as their parents were very pious. So they



Marshal Ferdinand Foch

grew up loving their church and faithfully saying their prayers, and listening with wondering eyes to the tales of miracles performed long ago.

Why, only a few miles away from Tarbes was a grotto famous for the cures made by its holy waters! A little peasant girl named Bernadette, so the story ran, was told by the Virgin herself of the miracles that could be performed by means of these waters. Since Bernadette's time many a procession of sick people had passed through Tarbes on the way to this grotto, and many a cure they had to tell about when they stopped in the town on their way back.

In his home Ferdinand listened to story after story about the valiant deeds of his grandfather Dupré. In his young days this brave soldier had fought in a war with Spain, under the great Emperor Napoleon. Because of his bravery at that time this grandfather had been made a Chevalier by Napoleon.

Little Ferdinand, as well as the rest of the family, almost made an idol of the old man.

War, so the lad must have thought, was a dreadful but very wonderful thing. Surely there could be nothing better in the world than to become a warrior and fight for France.

In the country around Tarbes there were numerous farms where strong and beautiful horses were raised. Many of them belonged to an Arabian breed that was fleet-footed and especially suited to the use of soldiers in the French cavalry. Ferdinand learned to ride horseback when he was quite small and always afterwards enjoyed the exercise.

Probably the most exciting days of the year were those given up to horse races and markets. Then the boy would watch the people flocking in from smaller towns and villages, dressed in their best garments and all eager for the coming good time. Some were peasants and wore the bright costume of their class. Others were wealthy land-owners and merchants prepared to buy the best horses for sale that day. The handsome men of Navarre could be easily marked because of their carefully braided hair. So,

too, the strong Catalonians, because of their dark skins and long, heavy hair. Altogether the horse fairs gave the Foch children plenty to talk about for many days afterwards.

Ferdinand's first school was in an old, old building which had a quaint prayer in the Latin tongue cut into the wall over the doorway.

"May this house," so the inscription ran, "remain standing until the ant has drunk all the waves of the sea and the tortoise has crawled around the world."

It is easy to understand that if the builder's prayer were granted his work would last a long, long time — to the end of the world, in fact.

Ferdinand did not live many years in Tarbes. He was still a schoolboy when his father was made paymaster for the treasury at Rodez about two hundred miles away. There he and his family stayed for a while; after which he went to Polignan and then to St. Etienne, where he became tax collector. At each of these places Ferdinand went to school.

"The lad has an exact mind," his teachers soon decided. "He is particularly good in mathematics. He has the kind of mind that should be trained at the great Polytechnic Institute in Paris."

Monsieur Foch believed that the teachers were right: Ferdinand deserved a fine education.

"Though I am far from rich, he shall have it," decided the good man.

Accordingly, when the youth was ready for the work there, he entered the famous Jesuit school of St. Clement at Metz in the beautiful province of Lorraine. There he found himself among students from all parts of Europe.

Over the borderland to the east lay Prussia, a country strong and powerful, and jealous of France's rich eastern provinces. But Metz was well fortified. All around it were strong forts. It had nine gateways, each of which must be entered by means of a drawbridge.

There was an arsenal at Metz, containing about eighty thousand muskets, and there

was a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. On one side there was a redoubt that formed an island, from which there was an underground entrance to the city. Yes, Metz would be a mighty stronghold against any jealous foes who might try to enter France on the east.

In this fortified city there was a fine cathedral, and a famous old church, and the abbey of St. Vincent with a history of its own. Ferdinand looked upon these buildings with great reverence, because he was a very religious youth. Though he was anxious to learn his lessons well, he was equally faithful in his duties to the church. Never was a day too busy for him to forget those duties in prayer, or in attendance at church service.

He was still a young student when the roar of a wicked war resounded through eastern France. Prussia had seized a chance to fight for rich lands there which she wished for her own. The French army was not so large or so well trained as that of Prussia. Its commanders were timid and fearful. Its

cannon were not powerful. Prussia, on the other hand, had generals full of daring who had faith in themselves and their troops. Plentiful supplies of ammunition, and guns of great power had been made ready.

So the French failed in attack after attack till at last there was nothing to do but surrender. Thus it happened in the early autumn of 1870 that a sad company rode forth from the old fortress of Sedan in northern France to make terms with the enemy.

First came the bodyguard of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Their polished arms shone in the sunlight. They wore helmets of steel. Bright pennants waved from their lances. Behind them rode the Emperor in an open carriage. He was ill in body and suffering great physical pain; he could not live long. But the lines in his thin cheeks and the sadness in his eyes showed that he was sick in mind as well as in body, and that his heart was heavy with the sorrow of a shameful defeat. Last in the procession was a band of Prussian hussars clattering in steel armor.

In the company attending Louis Napoleon

on his unhappy errand that day was the youth Ferdinand Foch, so we have been told. He had left his studies when the war broke out and was now a cadet in the Emperor's staff at Sedan.

On rode the little procession till it reached the Chateau Bellevue where the King of Prussia sat waiting for its arrival.

Louis Napoleon, with his guard about him, entered the reception hall. The German officers rose when he stood before them, with the courtesy due so great a man. Not so the Prussian King. He remained seated, looking up scornfully. There was no thought in his mind now, evidently, that only a short time ago he had been treated royally by the Emperor when he visited him in Paris. Ah! that had been before this hateful war, and to-day he was a proud victor.

Standing there, bent with pain, Louis Napoleon drew his blade and handed the hilt to the conqueror.

"Sire," he said, "here is my sword."

"I take it," replied the King in an insolent voice. And then, "I give it back to you."

The young officer Ferdinand Foch listened with flashing eyes and drew a long breath. So did the rest of the ruler's staff, at hearing him spoken to with such contempt. Never would they forget the insulting voice, the insulting manner. Sometime the punishment would come to Prussia—it must come—for her treatment of France this day!

So thought young Foch. "The Prussian King meant, 'I'll take care of you,' when he spoke as he did to our Emperor," he said many years afterwards. That insolent king, as it happened, was the grandfather of William Hohenzollern, the Emperor of Germany who, as we know, led his people into this last war, the greatest and most terrible in history.

And William Hohenzollern, as we also know, has shown the same overbearing manner as his grandfather—cruel and without mercy, and daring to set himself up as a god among his fellow men.

With the end of the short and hateful war the city of Metz was left in the hands

of the Prussians. For many years Ferdinand Foch was to think of it with sorrow. He had spent happy months there in the Jesuit school. He had wandered freely through its noble streets and fine parks. He had worshiped in its grand cathedral. But now Prussian soldiers stood on guard behind its strong walls; the hated Prussian tongue was spoken in its streets; and in one of the principal places the statue of the Prussian King was set up for all to admire. Little desire could the French patriot have to continue his studies there after the war had ended.

Accordingly he took his examinations as quickly as possible for entrance into the great Polytechnic Institute at Paris.

Shortly afterwards he was busy with his studies there and living very simply, because he had little money to spend for either food or clothing. Many a time, so it has been said, he made a meal on black bread alone. Little this troubled him, however, for his mind was being fed with the riches of knowledge. Moreover, he was happy in

strong faith in God's goodness. "God is guiding me," he felt, "so all will be well."

When a little boy Ferdinand had eagerly listened to stories about Napoleon. He was only twelve years old, in fact, when he read a long history of what had taken place under Napoleon's rule. It was such "heavy" reading, as we say, that most boys would have been frightened away at the first page. But young Foch kept on to the end.

"One can learn much about carrying on war by studying the campaigns of Napoleon," the youth still thought when he entered the Polytechnic Institute. Napoleon, on the very next day after being crowned, had given the school its motto: "Science and glory — all for the country."

Among Ferdinand's fellow students at the Institute was the young man, Joseph Joffre, who had entered it before the war and left his studies to fight for his country. Now he had returned to finish his course, and for the first time met his neighbor from the Southland.

In those days Paris was not a happy place.

Everywhere about were ruined buildings, marks of the siege it had suffered from the Germans. And when young Foch turned his eyes to the hilltops around, he could imagine the hated German troops stationed there as they had been a few months before.

Oddly enough, Ferdinand had a constant reminder of his childhood on the walls of the building where he had his room. It was the selfsame inscription that had been placed over the door of his first school in Tarbes: "May this house remain standing until the ant has drunk all the waves of the sea and the tortoise has crawled around the world."

After graduating from the Polytechnic Institute young Foch went to other famous schools where he received training in cavalry and artillery. From time to time he stopped in his studies to act as an officer of artillery in different garrisons.

When he was twenty-seven years old he was made a captain. Eight years afterwards he entered the Superior School of War, the highest one of the kind in France,

and from this he graduated, fourth in his class, in 1887.

After this came more training in garrisons. Foch was learning, we see, all that could be gained by study and training how best to carry on war if it should ever take place.

At last, in the year 1890, he was chosen to be an instructor at the War College. He had become by this time a major.

A great work opened before him. From its beginning he was on fire to make the students under him understand the meaning of war — to see it for themselves — to live it. Thus, as he talked to them in the great classroom, the maps spread out before them changed into actual battle fields. The dots and lines became hills and valleys and flowing streams. They themselves were adventuring among them. Behind yonder wood the army of the enemy was encamped. On the hillside above, the guns of the enemy were sending forth torrents of shot and shell. Danger surrounded them. They drew long, excited breaths. Their cheeks flushed. Their eyes were aflame. Paris, with its

gay streets and noise of business, seemed far away. They were, in their minds, in the thick of combat, and their leader was the slim man with strong keen eyes who stood before them. How honest and determined was this man! How dear to him was his country and theirs — beautiful France! Every student was fired by him with the longing to become a faithful patriot in defending this revered land.

“Why had the Prussians won so easy a victory?” Ferdinand Foch asked his pupils. Then he showed them that the Prussians had faith in themselves, while the French officers lacked such faith. This was the main reason the enemy met with success, though making many foolish mistakes.

“A battle is not lost till you *think* it is lost.” So Foch taught his students.

Again, he showed them that giving commands is only one step in the course of an officer’s training. He must see that *the command is carried out*. He must, moreover, understand *how* it shall be carried out, and he must have faith in the outcome.

Foch believed that without "morale" there would be failure. What is morale? We have heard this word used a great deal of late, but many people find it hard to state just what it means. We know what strength and health are to the body. So morale is to the mind. A person who has morale has a healthy mind. No dragons of fear have a place there. No thought of failure is allowed to enter. The mind is strong. It sees only success ahead; and in the present, work — steady, determined work towards that success.

So Foch taught his students. They must make their brains work. Not words alone, not carrying out orders alone, were ever enough. Not the blind obedience of the dog and the horse! But the keen, quick perception of why they must do certain things. And when they watched the moves of the enemy they must ask themselves, "Why are my foes acting as they do? Just what is their purpose?" Striving thus to understand, the officers' minds keep clear and their will is steadied.

You can readily see what kind of men left the War College after being under such training as Foch gave. Many of his pupils, we are told, have won glory and honor in the War against War which we have just passed through.

First of all he impressed upon them that they must *learn to think*. "You officers," he said to them, "will be asked later on to be the brains of an army. Never complain of the difficulty of a problem. If a problem were not difficult it would not be a problem. Our brains were made to be worked. Otherwise, what purpose do they serve?"

Again he said: "Victory goes to those who merit it by the greatest will power as well as by the keenest intellect."

"The *will to victory!*" In all his teachings Foch showed the need of this and what it would accomplish. He believed it, and because of this he made his students believe it.

Foch was a quiet man in all his ways. In course of time he married, and had children whom he loved dearly and in whose life he was deeply interested. But he did

not care for the balls and other gay entertainments which many of his friends and acquaintances enjoyed. When, once in a while, he attended a dinner party he spoke little.

In 1901 he was made a lieutenant colonel and left the Superior College of War to take command of one of the French garrisons. Two years later he was made a colonel and sometime afterwards a brigadier general.

Then, in 1907, Clemenceau, the prime minister, sent for him to attend a council on war matters. When it was over, he turned to Foch and asked him to take luncheon with him.

As the two chatted together over their coffee, Clemenceau said lightly, "Oh, by the way, I have a bit of news for you. It may interest you to know that your name is proposed as Director of the Superior School of War."

"I!" exclaimed Foch in astonishment. He knew well that many French officers of high family, and having what Americans call "pull" were anxious to gain the position.

“Why,” he continued, “I am not even a candidate. It’s impossible. And besides, I fear you do not know about my family. What would the politicians say if they were to learn that the Director of the Superior School of War is of a religious family, to whom the church is of tremendous moment? You many not know it, but my brother is a Jesuit! Think of it, a Jesuit priest!”

Now, Clemenceau was opposed to the Catholic church. Nevertheless he believed that Ferdinand Foch would make the best Director of the War College, and fully deserved the honor of that high office. So he answered shortly, “All the Jesuits in the world could not alter the fact that you are to be Director of the War College.”

So the matter was settled, and Foch took chief command of the Superior School of War.

He set to work at once to make important improvements there. Under him the training of young officers became better than ever before. He had already written two

valuable books on the art of war, which were widely read and studied, not only in France, but in Germany.

In 1911 he received the order to take command of a division of troops at Chaumont. The next year a whole corps was given into his charge. Soon afterwards he held a post of great honor in the French army: he was commander of the Twentieth Corps, stationed at Nancy, not far from the borders of Germany.

Nancy was a gay and beautiful city. But during his stay there General Foch had no time to take part in its gay life. He was busy trying to make the place strong against any possible attacks from Germany.

"When she does attack France her troops will first strike against this stronghold," he said to himself.

While Foch was in command at Nancy, a young captain under him there wrote home to his parents describing the General, whom he admired very much. Among other things the young man said: "He is a man still young, slender and supple, and rather frail;

his powerful head seems like a flower too heavy for a stem so light."

When the captain wrote that Foch was still young, he was almost sixty-three years old. Yet he was so quick and active in his movements that he made those around him think of him as a young man.

The captain also wrote of the light in the General's eyes, of the clearness of his gaze, of his great energy, of his direct speech, and of his strong faith in our Heavenly Father.

"General Foch," he said, "is a prophet whom his God transports."

Afterwards, it may be said, the young officer who wrote this letter gladly gave his life for his country while fighting under General Foch.

During the latter part of July, 1914, Foch was given a furlough to visit his home at Morlaix where his two daughters with their little children were staying with his wife. His daughters' husbands, also with the army, obtained leave of absence at the same time. Such a happy family gathering it

was for the next few days, with no thought of trouble!

Then suddenly General Foch was recalled to Nancy. Joffre, who had become the French Generalissimo, had scented danger over the borderland. If the German hordes were preparing to attack France, in what way would they advance, Joffre asked himself. From the east, of course, he decided.

And so Foch thought. Why, in what other way could they come? To be sure there were strong French forts there — at Toul and Verdun—and Nancy was strongly defended. A big army like that of Germany could not make its way quickly into France from the east.

But in what other way could it enter France? Surely not from the north, because that would make it necessary for the German army to pass through Belgium on its way! The Emperor of Germany was, *of course*, too honorable to allow this.

So it was quite natural for Joffre to prepare for the defense of France on the east

first of all, and order Foch to be ready with his troops at Nancy.

On the fourth of August the terrible war broke out. It happened to be General Foch's birthday. He was sixty-three years old. On came the Germans, divided into five armies, and expecting to overcome the French troops and take Paris by the first of September. Only one of those armies was directed against Nancy. The others headed north and swarmed into Belgium!

And Foch? When that one German army advanced over the eastern borderland he was ready for its coming. No doubt the German commander expected him to defend it, but nevertheless he expected also to quickly rout the French troops stationed there.

Now Foch believed that the best way to defend is to attack. Without delay, therefore, his brave Twentieth Corps fought its way through the middle of the invading army, and straight on into German Lorraine. There, for fourteen days, Foch with other brave generals kept the Germans at bay with their troops.

Unfortunately, the other four German armies at the north were forcing all before them during this time.

Day after day the same story spread among the unhappy French people: "Retreat! retreat! retreat!"

"Will Joffre give no other order?" cried those who lacked faith.

But there were officers in his army who understood him better: when the right place was reached and the right moment had come, he had planned to take his stand against the enemy. When the river Marne should be reached the Germans must not be allowed to advance further.

So Joffre had determined. And now he took thought of his officers and considered who were best fitted to be stationed at the most dangerous points. Ah! there was General Foch. He would create a new army for Foch, made up of certain strong divisions taken from the other armies. It should be called the Ninth Army. He promptly ordered Foch to report at a place on the Marne called Chalons.

When Foch reached Chalons his new army existed only on paper.

“What do you mean?” you may say. Just this: the different divisions that were to form it were still on their way to Foch. He did not even know where some of them were, because at that very time they were retreating before the enemy. Neither did he know how well supplied they were with arms, or how tired the men had become from fighting and the hurried march.

Was Foch sick at heart when he considered these things? Not so! he had taught in the War College that we fail only when we think we fail. Also he believed now as before that the only way for an army to defend itself is by attack. The present was a good time to show this.

Not a minute was lost. He must get acquainted with his army as it gathered. He must understand how strong it was and how weary were the men who were to carry out his orders. The feet of many of them were blistered and bleeding from the long, hurried march; their bodies were aching.

He must see that their courage was kept up. Then they would forget their lameness and pain in the *will to win*.

Up and down the sidewalk of the little village paced the restless General as he made his plans. He was short in stature and lean in body. But these things were scarcely noted by the people who looked in his face. How keen were those gray eyes! How strong the nose! How determined the chin! Such a will as that of Ferdinand Foch would do much in breaking the power of the enemy.

The Battle of the Marne opened early in September, 1914, only a month after the beginning of the war. For five days the French troops met one sharp attack after another, though the enemy were much greater in number. Back and forth rolled the tide of war. On all sides were the dead and dying. Terrible was the danger to the Allies. If they gave way, the German hordes could easily press on to Paris, the heart of France. And then —

But to Foch, posted with his Ninth Army

at one of the most important and dangerous points, there was no *then*. He saw only the present and its great need.

He had sorrows of his own at this time. He was not able to get word from his son and the husband of one of his daughters. He feared for their lives. Soon, alas, he was to learn that both had been killed in battle near the Belgian border. But now, *now*, he must think only of France. And France must be saved.

Considering closely, he decided there must be a gap in the German army. That gap must be filled in with French artillery. Quick now! Not a moment must be lost in pressing that artillery forward. As a powerful wedge it must enter the gap in the German army and break it apart.

For five days already the enemy had been battering against the French troops with greater and greater force. Their lines were already breaking. Yet now, though matters looked so discouraging, Foch saw light.

With faith that there was a weak point in the army of the enemy, he sent this tele-

gram to Joffre: "My center gives way, my right recedes, the situation is excellent. I shall attack."

His order for the day, given as quietly as he would have said "Good morning," was this: "The situation is excellent. I order a vigorous resumption of the offensive."

How ridiculous this would seem to many! But not to Ferdinand Foch, with the thought of his left still strong and full of fire. Against its foes it now flung itself and was soon driving them backward in confusion. The fortunes of France had been turned by what seemed a miracle. France was saved!

And Foch — was he pacing restlessly back and forth at this time, excitedly waiting for news of the battle? Not so! Having made his plans and given his commands, it was his duty to keep calm and leave the rest to God's will. So he set out with one companion for a stroll along the country roads that stretched back from the battle front. As he walked, he talked quietly of other things than war. Such was his power over himself.

From that day the Germans retreated slowly but surely. Foch's *will* had helped Joffre in his utmost need and brought victory in place of defeat. Is it strange that after the Battle of the Marne the commander-in-chief said of this strong, wise helper, "He is the first strategist in Europe, and the humblest of men"?

Before that battle Foch had been little heard of in the world. But when shortly afterwards he was made a Marshal of France and a member of the Legion of Honor because of the great work he had done, his name was coupled with that of Joseph Joffre on every tongue.

One day, a few months after the famous battle, Foch happened to be seated at a dinner table with some of his officers. They drew him into talk about the Marne.

As he went on describing it, he spread out some matches on the table. He made them represent the two armies — the German and the French. To one particularly brave division of his own troops, the Forty-second, which was nearly dead from

weariness, but full of fire, he gave only half a match. He made it move under his fingers as he described its forcing back a German corps. After it, he said, "We launched some played-out troopers. It was all we had left."

Then Foch lifted the half-match of the Forty-second Division and tossed it over to the center of the table.

"It might succeed," he said; "it might fail. It succeeded. The men were on their last legs, they hadn't an ounce of strength left. They marched all the same."

One of Foch's officers has written a book about him. After telling of his courage at the Battle of the Marne, he went on: "But what I can least of all forget is his look which reveals his whole soul.

"Back of its invincible energy was a sorrowful tenderness, a great melancholy. At certain moments his eyes seemed to say, 'Young man, you do not know what a father suffers when mourning has entered his house forever. They have taken my son, and one of my daughters is a widow. In the

home which I left in the joy of a summer Sunday I shall find little orphans who will not know their papa. —

“‘Our France has been torn and mangled. There are thousands and thousands of fathers like me who have lost everything they loved, all the hope of their lives. My heart is with them. I know what it means’.”

In less than a month after the Germans had been driven back at the Marne, Joffre sent a telegram to Foch, saying that he had chosen him to be his Associate Generalissimo. In other words Foch was to share with Joffre the command of the army.

“Leave at once for the north, where you are to take charge of all the troops there.” Such was the order which Foch hastened to obey.

When the telegram came he well understood the great danger that now threatened France. The Germans had been turned back at the Marne from advancing to Paris. Now they were seeking to reach the sea on the north and cut off the ports there from the British and the French. If they suc-

ceeded they could prevent supplies from reaching the armies of the Allies. They could also prevent the coming of fresh troops from England.

Foch knew that not a single moment must be lost. Springing into an automobile at ten o'clock that night, he rode as fast as possible to the headquarters of different generals who were to help him band together a strong army. That army, under him, must cut off the enemy's forces in their race to the sea.

Working with a will, he made his army so united and strong that it proved to be a mighty wall in the pathway of its foes, and they were blocked at Ypres and afterwards at Flanders. For two weeks the fighting was terrific. The Germans made one fierce attack after another, but the troops of the Allies, with Foch to lead them on, met each attack with a return attack.

"Our enemies must not, *shall* not, gain the coast," so the great leader had decided. Then, cool as ever, he flew from one place to another with a smile half hidden by his

big gray moustache and carelessly chewing the end of a cigar.

At this trying time he gave wise advice to King Albert of Belgium and to the English commander, Marshal French. He helped both to feel that they were sure to win. He seemed to be everywhere at once, giving aid when it was most needed.

One night he heard that the English cavalry had given way and lost an important position. He sprang into his car and hastened to the headquarters of Marshal French. It was one o'clock when he reached it. The Marshal was asleep.

Waking him up, he said, "Marshal, your line is broken."

"Yes," was the reply.

"Have you any reserves?" Foch asked quickly.

"No, I have nothing."

"Good! I offer you mine. The gap must be filled at once. If we allow our line to be pierced at a single point we are lost by reason of the masses of attack of our enemy. General Joffre has sent me eight battalions

of the Thirty-second Division. Take them and on with the fray."

The Marshal, deeply moved, rose and seized Foch's hand. "Thank you!" he exclaimed. "This is famous help."

In an hour the order had been given and the gap in the lines had been filled.

At another time Foch gave help like this to the Belgian army. Then, to add more courage, he said to its leader, "You must hold out at any cost. See! Here is a line for you to hold."

With these words he spread out a map. Pointing to a place where there was an embankment, he showed where water could be let in from locks not far away. If this were done, the oncoming Germans would slump in the marsh thus made, and their advance would be checked. Foch's quick wit had seen this. His advice was followed, and the day was saved.

Then, in 1916, came the Battle of the Somme, when Foch's careful plans were so well carried out that the Allies swept the Germans back, took a wide stretch of

country, and captured great numbers of prisoners.

Foch, as we know, had helped the Belgians and the British in times of great need. He also aided the Italian army when it was sore pressed. More than a year before this happened he had looked ahead and formed the plan by which he was afterwards able to aid them.

After the Battle of the Somme all the world rang with the name of the hero, Ferdinand Foch.

"He is the greatest soldier the world has ever known," cried some. "How strange," they said, "that a man who did scarcely any active fighting till now when he is old, should understand it better than generals who have been engaged in many wars!"

Most people would have become proud at such renown. But not so Marshal Foch, the man of few words, who was almost shy when he found himself in large gatherings. It troubled him to be pointed out and talked about as a great hero. Joffre was right in calling him the humblest of men.

Though the Battle of the Somme had brought success to the Allies, many dark days and months followed, in which they were seldom strong enough to attack the enemy, though they steadily kept up the defense.

Then the day came when noble, patient Marshal Joffre gave up command of the French army. He felt as well as others that the war might keep on for many years if the Allies used only methods of defense. Some one who could see more clearly how best to attack should be chosen in his place.

On May 15, 1917, while Joffre was in the United States, General Foch was made head of the General Staff. For some time he had had hard work keeping up courage in his tired soldiers. But lately good news had come.

“The Americans are with us at last! they are sending us aid! Not only supplies of food and ammunition are on the way but men — fresh, brave, strong men.” So the words passed from one troop to another, and

the weary French soldiers drew breaths of relief.

Shipload after shipload of American troops went speeding across the Atlantic. Regiment after regiment of straight, active soldiers landed in France.

Surely the cruel Huns could be overcome now! Yet one thing more was needed — *unity*. There was the British army eager to do its best, with brave fighters from far Australia and New Zealand, India, and Africa in its ranks. There were the French troops fired with the thought that France must be saved. There was brave little Belgium, still eager to do her share, and in the southland was the army of Italy doing wonderful deeds of daring. The leaders of all were wise men. But there was no one head to look the field over and direct all the different lines as parts of one great body.

Germany had such a leader; but not so the Allies.

"We must have a Generalissimo, the Commander of all," declared Wilson, the

President of the United States. Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, agreed with him. So did Clemenceau, the French Premier.

Who should be chosen for the important post? None other than Ferdinand Foch, wise and far-seeing, the man who set the souls of his soldiers on fire for victory.

Without question he was chosen. Quietly he took charge of the great undertaking, with faith in God that success would come. Germany was fighting for *might*. The Allies were fighting for *right*. This war, then, was to Ferdinand Foch *Christ's war*. Peace must be brought about on this earth — a lasting peace, and good will among men.

Never was the busiest day too busy for the great general to be kept from kneeling in prayer an hour each night and morning in order that he might draw strength from God for the tasks before him.

One day, when the fight was raging at its worst, a young American soldier who was off duty was wandering about a little French

village not far behind the battle front. He came to an old empty church and stepped inside to look around. As he stood there with bared head, another man entered. He was old and gray-haired. He wore a uniform that was worn and shabby. The eagles on the shoulders of his coat showed that he must be a general. No staff of officers attended him, however — only an orderly bore him company.

The young soldier gave little heed to the old man except to observe that he knelt in deep prayer, and that he remained so for a long time — three quarters of an hour perhaps. Then he arose and softly left the church.

The young American followed him out and down the street. There, to his surprise, he noticed that people drew to one side as the general passed, gazing at him with wondering eyes. The American saw also that soldiers whom he met saluted him excitedly, as though honoring some one far above ordinary officers.

It was Ferdinand Foch, Generalissimo of

the armies of the Allies in the greatest and most terrible war of all times. While he prayed in that church millions of men were, at his command, offering their lives in the trenches; at his word generals were hurrying from place to place to carry out his orders; mighty guns were hurling defiance against the enemy. And yet, in the midst of terrific happenings, this "Gray man of Christ" as he has since been called, had sought the quiet little village church to draw strength and clearness of sight from his Heavenly Father.

Even after General Pershing with his brave American troops came to the help of the Allies, there was a long, hard struggle ahead of them.

Germany had seen that with the coming of the Americans, her army must fight harder than ever and must lose no time in doing so. And why? Because the strength of those whom she was opposing was steadily growing with the arrival of shipload after shipload of fresh, spirited soldiers from across the Atlantic. Moreover, the Huns

learned that, if necessary, the United States would send five million men to resist them. Now or never, then, Germany must win.

And so, in the early spring of 1918, she began a terrific offensive — first, mainly in the north against the British troops, and afterwards along a battle front of more than four hundred miles.

One frightful attack followed another. But Foch, the wise Generalissimo, was busy, not only with the terrible present, but also in making plans for the future and preparing to carry them out.

At last — it was the middle of July — he saw that the time was ripe for an offensive of his own.

The Germans were still making fierce assaults, but the Allies fought bravely for the positions they had taken and destroyed one advancing wave after another. British, French, Italian, and American troops were all busy, meeting the onrush of the enemy and capturing important points by attacks both on the ground and in the air. Then — it was on July 15 — the German commander

took a daring stand at a place which laid him open to great danger.

Foch had expected he would do so and was rejoiced. "I am satisfied," he said.

Shortly afterwards came the beginning of the end of the Great War.

It was of no use, Foch had decided, to try to advance all along the many miles of battle front at once. To begin with, the Allies did not have enough guns.

"I must strike many blows, one after another," thought the Generalissimo, "and at places where my enemies are least likely to expect them. After one attack is started the next one must follow in a different spot as soon afterwards as possible. The Huns must have no time to rest. They must be tired out by the constant strain put on them."

Many weeks went by in which the attacks of the Allies were made more and more often, and with greater and greater speed. Thousands upon thousands of brave soldiers were killed in these attacks, because Foch saw that the time had come when he must not

think most of saving the lives of his men. He must consider victory only — victory to be won as quickly as possible.

Long afterwards, when that victory had been gained, he was asked, "How did you turn the German offensive into bitter defeat?"

He replied: "You ask me to tell you in a few words. Victories are won by science. That is true; but also by faith. When one has faith, one does not retire; one stops the enemy where one finds him.

"You tell me that I gave victory to France. It was our admirable soldiers who gave it. I have but one merit — that of never despairing."

With faith, therefore, in final success, Foch steadily planned and strove for that success, and with the coming of late autumn the Huns were in full retreat. So fast had the Allies borne down upon them that reserve troops and needed supplies could not be brought up in time. Fear seized their hearts. Faith in their leaders fled. Belief in victory departed.

Then came a glad day, November 11, 1918, for millions of people and for their savior, Ferdinand Foch.

The news had spread that Germany had given up hope and had asked for an armistice. Her delegates had been sent to plead for her. They traveled over the very road near Sedan where in 1870 the French Emperor had ridden to offer his sword to the German conquerors. But how differently the delegates of the enemy were treated from the way the ruler of France had been received by the Germans in 1870.

These delegates received every courtesy. As they rode on their way French officers guided them over the dark roads through a stretch of forests till they reached a stopping place for the night. The next day they were still guided as they went on with their journey towards Senlis. There, waiting for them in a railway car, was Marshal Foch, the man who had attended the French Emperor on his unhappy mission years ago. Then he was young and unknown. Now he was old and gray-haired and a generalissimo.

Moreover, he was sure that the German army was at last completely in his power. Suppose he refused the armistice! In a few days more, at the latest, the enemy must surrender or be destroyed. But if the struggle were allowed to go on for even those few days it would cost the lives of more of his brave soldiers. Not one of them, he felt, must be sacrificed without need. So, for their sakes, he would agree to the armistice, but it must be one whose terms meant victory for the Allies.

He had carefully prepared the only terms on which this could be granted when the German delegates entered the car. Marshal Foch rose to receive them.

"What do you wish, gentlemen?" he asked calmly.

"We have come, Marshal, to arrange terms of an armistice," was the answer.

Then, quietly, Foch read the terms on which the Allies would be willing to agree to an armistice. Hard terms they were; only a country which had been completely defeated would accept them. But Germany,

as Foch felt sure, *had* been completely defeated and would accept these terms. Once accepted, a world peace would be sure to follow.

He was not scornful in his reading, however, though he well remembered the day when his own ruler had been so treated at a time like this. But joyful he must have been. He had worked for nearly fifty years that his country might never again suffer what she had then suffered. Now, at last, his reward had come.

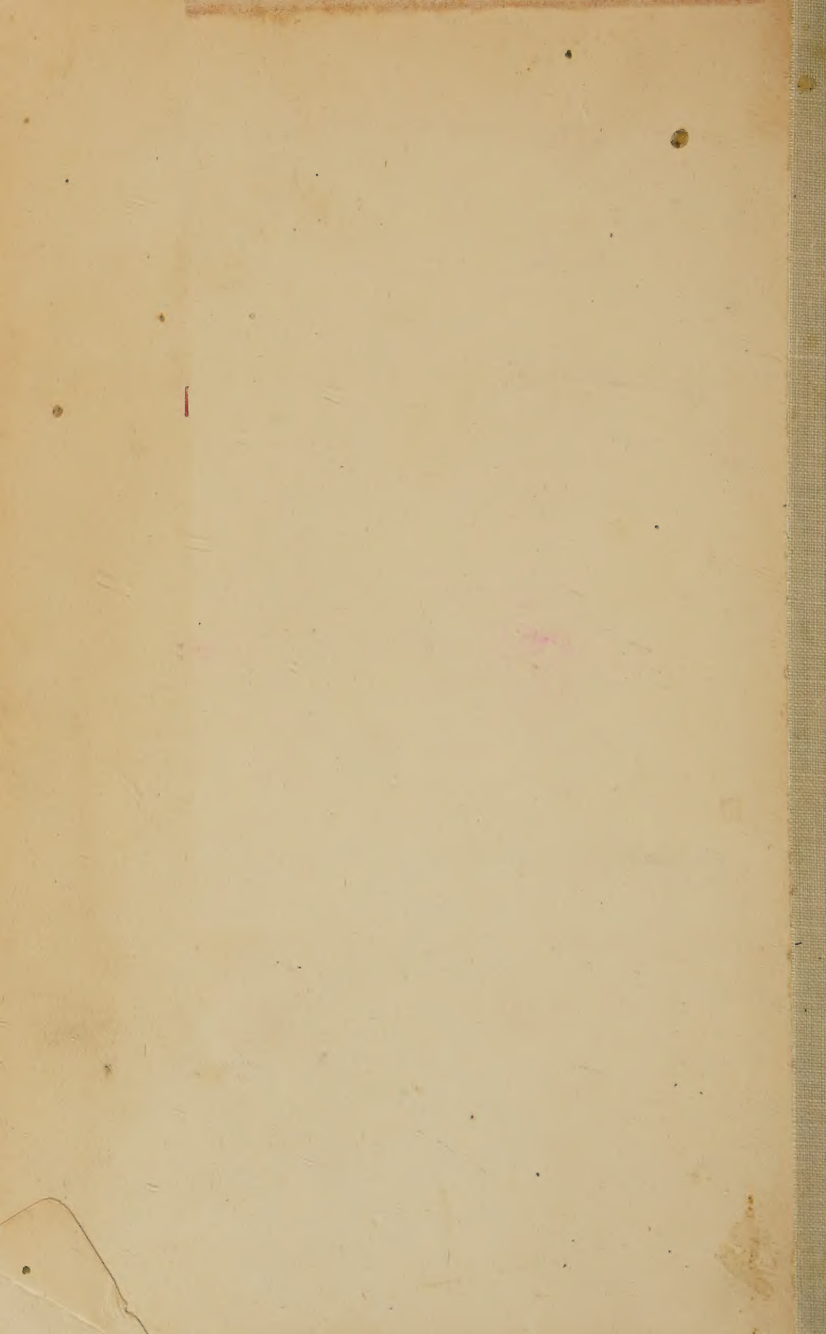
During the general rejoicing that followed the ever-to-be remembered day many honors were bestowed upon Marshal Foch. Among them was the gift of the American Distinguished Service Medal. General Pershing, the American Commander, pinned it upon the Generalissimo's breast in the name of President Wilson and the United States. It was a token of the gratitude of the American people for what Foch had done for them and for all the world.

As the Marshal received the gift, he said, "I will wear this medal with pleasure and

pride in the days of triumph, as well as in dark and critical hours."

Then he added other beautiful words, showing his appreciation of the help Pershing and the American army had given in the time of need.

On that day, as at all other times, Ferdinand Foch showed that pride had no place in his heart. As different as light is from darkness he has always been from William the Second of Germany, who believed so strongly in his own power that he actually put himself beside God. Foch, on the other hand, the great conqueror in the cause of right, has claimed but this: "I am God's instrument. It is for me only to try as best I may to do His will."



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